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THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE

NEW-TESTAMENT,

AND APPLIED TO THE

CHRISTIAN STATE AND *WORSHIP*.

By ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

CORRECTED, AND ACCOMMODATED TO THE USE OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN AMERICA.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things must be fulfilled which were written in,——the* PSALMS, *concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32. *DAVID, SAMUEL, and the prophets* Ver. 40—*That they, without us should not be made perfect.*

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THE PSALMS OF DAVID, IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE *NEW TESTAMENT*.

PSALM I. Common metre.

The way and end of the Righteous and the Wicked.

BLEST is the man who ſhuns the place
  Where ſinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
  And hates the ſcoffers ſeat:

2 Who in the ſtatutes of the Lord
  Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads, or hears the word,
  And meditates by night.

[3 He like a plant, of gen'rous kind,
  By living waters ſet,
Safe from the ſtorms and blaſting wind,
  Enjoys a peaceful ſtate.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
  Shall his profeſſion ſhine;
While fruits of holineſs appear
  Like cluſters on the vine.

5 Not ſo the impious and unjuſt;
  What vain deſigns they form!
Their hopes are blown away, like duſt,
  Or chaff, before the ſtorm.

6 Sinners in judgment ſhall not ſtand
  Among the ſons of grace,
When Chriſt, the Judge, at his right hand
  Appoints his ſaints a pl ace.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread;
  His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of ſinners, lead
  Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM I. Short metre.

The ſaint happy—The ſinner miſerable.

THE man is ever bleſt
  Who ſhuns the ſinner's ways,
Among their councils never ſtands,
  Nor takes the ſcorner's place:

2 Who makes the law of God
  His ſtudy and delight,
Amidſt the labors of the day,
  And watches of the night.

3 He, like a tree ſhall thrive,
  With waters near the root;
Freſh as the leaf his name ſhall live;
  His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 But the ungodly race
  Can no ſuch bleſſings find;
Their hopes will fly like empty chaff
  Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to ſtand
  Before that Judgment ſeat,
Where all the ſaints, at Chriſt's right hand,
  In full aſſembly meet!

6 He knows, and he approves
  The way the righteous go;
But ſinners, and their works, will meet
  A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I. Long metre.

The difference between the Righteous and Wicked.

HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way which sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves to pass his morning light
Among the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant, by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crost;
As chaff before the tempest flies;
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebels seek to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides them to a diff'rent place.

6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod;
I bless'd the path, and drew it plain;
But you would choose the crooked road,
And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM II. Short metre.

Translated according to the Divine pattern.

Acts, iv. 24, &c.

Christ's dying, rising, interceeding and reigning.

[MAKER and sov'reign Lord
Of heav'n, and earth and seas;
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By *David* are fulfil'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join to slay
Jesus thine holy child.]

3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one accord,
Bend all their councils to destroy
Th' annointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Against his *Christ* they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne,
The Lord who rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth,
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance:
Far as the world's remotest ends,
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel,
Must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honors well,
Which he receiv'd from God.

[9 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted Son.

12 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place :
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace]

PSALM II. Common metre.

WHY did the nations join to slay
The Lord's annointed Son!
Why did they cast his laws away,
And tread his gospel down?

The Lord who sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below;
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 "I call him my eternal Son,
And raise him from the dead:
I make my holy hill his throne,
And wide his kingdom spread.

Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy,
The utmost *Heathen* lands;
The rod of iron shall destroy
The rebel who withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth
Obey th' annointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne,
For if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM II. Long metre.

Christ's death, resurrection and ascension.

WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans, why their swords employ?

Againſt the Lord their pow'rs engage,
His dear annointed to deſtroy.

2 "Come let us break his bands, they ſay,
This man ſhall never give us laws,"
And thus they caſt his yoke away
And nail'd the Monarch to the croſs.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And ſpeak in thunder to their ſouls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made
On Zion's everlaſting hill;
My hand ſhall bring him from the dead,
And he ſhall ſtand your Sov'reign ſtill."

5 His wond'rous riſing from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,
"This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Aſcend, my Son, to my right hand,
There thou ſhalt aſk, and I'll beſtow
The utmoſt bounds of Heathen lands,
To thee the Northern iſles ſhall bow."

7 But nations, that reſiſt his grace,
Shall fall beneath his iron ſtroke;
His rod ſhall cruſh his foes, with eaſe,
As potter's earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now ye who ſit on earthly thrones,
Be wiſe, and ſerve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now at his feet ſubmit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love addreſs the Son,
Leſt he grow angry, and ye die;

His wrath shall burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell!
He is a God, and ye but dust;
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM III. Common metre.

Doubts and fears suppressed: or, God our defence from sin and Satan.

MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death,
They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in heav'n;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,*
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

[4 I cry'd and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear;
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
Which guarded my repose.]

6 What though the hosts of death and hell
All arm'd against me stood!
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend the people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM III. Long metre.

A Morning Psalm.

O LORD, how many are my foes
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope, is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day
To Thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heard'st, when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure:
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And make his praise my morning song.

PSALM IV. Long metre.

Hearing of prayer—or, God our portion, and Christ our hope.

O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend, when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye ſons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into ſhame:
How long will ſcoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides his ſaints
From all the tribes of men beſides;
He hears the cry of penitents
For the dear ſake of Chriſt, who dy'd,

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thouſand works of righteouſneſs,
We put our truſt in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many ſay,
Who will beſtow ſome earthly good?
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray:
Our ſoul's deſire this heav'nly food.

6 Then ſhall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice,
At grace and favor ſo divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn, and all their wine.

PSALM IV. Common metre.

An evening Pſalm.

LORD, thou wilt hear me, when I pray;
I am forever thine:
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to ſin.

2 And while I reſt my weary head,
From cares and bus'neſs free,
'Tis ſweet converſing on my bed
With my own heart and Thee.

3 I pay this ev'ning, ſacrifice:
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon my grace alone.

4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V.

For the Lord's day morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty strait,
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray:
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent into dust,
And all his plots destroy;

While those who in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

PSALM VI. Common metre.

Complaint in sickness—or, diseases healed.

IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not;
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot,
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul bows down with heavy cares;
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears;
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
'Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine eye consum'd with grief?
How long my God how long, before
Thy hand afford relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak;
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
Restores our fainting breath;
But silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

PSALM VI. Long metre.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

LORD I can suffer thy rebukes
When thou with kindness dost chastise.

But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear!
O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows which I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hands hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3 See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave.
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart ye tempters, from my soul;
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my pain and cheer my heart.

PSALM VII. Common metre.

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors

MY trust is in my heav'nly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God;
Rise and my blessed life defend
From those who seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury, they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'rer's near.

3 If I have e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe.

Then let him tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honor low.

4 If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power controul;
Awake to judgment and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust:
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just.

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reigns,
He will defend the upright;
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast:
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM VIII. Short metre.

God's Sov'reignty and Goodness; and man's dominion over the creatures.

O LORD, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine!

2 When to thy works on high
  I raise my wand'ring eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
  Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
  And all their shining forms,
Lord what is man, that worthless thing,
  A-kin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
  That thou shouldst love him so!
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
  And Lord of all below.

5 Thine honors crown his head,
  While beasts, like slaves, obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
  And fish which cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
  And wond'rous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
  A monument of praise.

[7 Out of the mouths of babes
  And sucklings, thou canst draw
Surprising honors to thy name!
  And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly king,
  Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread
  And o'er the heav'ns they shine.]

PSALM VIII. Common metre.

Christ's condescension and glorification; or, G[od] made man.

O LORD, our Lord, how wond'rous grea[t]
  Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
  Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon which rules the night
And stars that well adorn the sky
Those moving worlds of light.

3 Lord what is man or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so!

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm!

[5 Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown
And men wou'd not adore,
Obedient seas and fishes own,
His Godhead and his pow'r.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish at his command,
Bring their large shoals to *Peter's* net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of thy Son
Shone through the fleshy cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

8 Let him be crown'd with majesty,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And be his honors founded high,
By all things that have breath.

9 Jesus our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. *Paraphrased.*

First part. Long metre

The Hosana *of the children; or, infants praising God.*

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread;
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young,
A monument of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The son of David is their song,
And young *Hosannas* fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts
While *Jewish* babes proclaim their king.

PSALM VIII. *Paraphrased.*

Second part. Long metre.

Adam *and* Christ *Lords of the old and the new creation.*

LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place!

2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below;

Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet!

3 But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second *Adam's* state;
What honors shall thy Son adorn;
Who condescended to be born!

4 See him below his angels made;
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
Then see him reign with power divine!

5 The world to come redeem'd from all
The mis'ries which attend the fall,
New made and glor'ous shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM IX. *First part.*

Wrath and mercy from the Judgement seat.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou Sov'reign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace:
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengence known.

3 Then shall the lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men who know thy name will trust,
In thy abundant grace;
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on *Sion's* hill
Who executes his threatning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. *Second part.*

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

WHEN the Great Judge, Supreme and just,
Shall once enquire for blood,
The humble souls who mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise:
In *Sion's* gates, with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet,
Into the pit they made:
And sinners perish in the net
Which their own hands had spread.

4 Thus by thy judgements mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known:
When men of mischief are destroy'd,
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

[7 Rise great Redeemer, from thy seat,
To judge and save the poor;
Let nations tremble at thy feet,
And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
And put their hearts to pain,
Make them confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble men.]

PSALM X. Common metre.

Prayers heard, and saints saved; or, pride, atheism, and oppression punished.

For a humiliation-day.

WHY doth the Lord ſtand off ſo far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep diſtreſs?

2 Lord, ſhall the wicked ſtill deride
Thy juſtice and thy pow'r?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And ſtill thy ſaints devour?

3 They put thy judgements from their ſight,
And then inſult the poor;
They boaſt in their exalted height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

4 Ariſe, O God, lift up thine hand;
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When God aſcends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And ſay, with fooliſh pride,
The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's ſide?

6 Since thou for ever art the Lord;
And pow'rful is thine hand,
As when the *Heathen* felt thy ſword,
And periſh'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cauſe thine ear to hear:
He hearkens what his children ſay,
And puts the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs;
No more deſpiſe the juſt;
And mighty ſinners ſhall confeſs,
They are but earth and duſt.

PSALM XI. Long metre.

God *loves the righteous and hates the wicked.*

MY refuge is the God of love!
Why do my foes insult and cry,
Fly, like a tim'rous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?

2 If government be all destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne;
His eye surveys the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eye-lids search our spirits through.

4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear!
His very soul abhors their ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of *Sodom*, with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

PSALM XII. Long metre.

The saints' safety and hope in evil times: or; sins of the tongue complained of, viz. *blasphemy, falshood,* &c.

LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man among us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;

Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane;

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long:
The God of vengence will confound
The flatt'ring and blafpheming tongue.

4 *Yet ſhall our words be free*, they cry,
Our tongues ſhall be controul'd by none:
Where is the Lord will aſk us why?
Or ſay our lips are not our own?

5 The Lord, who fees the poor oppreſt,
And hears oppreffors' haughty ftrain,
Will rife to give his children reft,
Nor fhall they truft his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit fhall ftill appear;
Not filver fev'n times purify'd
From drofs and mixture, fhines fo clear.

7 Thy Grace fhall, in the darkeft hour,
Defend the holy foul from harm;
Though when the vileft men have pow'r,
On ev'ry fide will finners fwarm.

PSALM XII. Common metre.

Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or The promiſe and ſigns of CHRIST'*s coming to judgment.*

HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail;
Religion lofes ground!
The fons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promifes they break,
Yet act the flatt'rers part;
With fair deceitful lips they fpeak,
And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove fome hateful lie,
How is their fury ftirr'd!

Are not our lips our own? they cry,
And who shall be our Lord?

4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,
While a vile race of men
Are rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold.

6 Is not thy char'ot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not giv'n the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7 "Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free."

8 Thy word like silver sev'n times try'd,
Thro' ages shall endure:
The men who in thy truth confide,
Shall find the promise sure.

PSALM XIII. Long metre.

Pleading with God under desertion; or, hope in darkness.

HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one who seeks his God in vain?
Can'st thou thy face forever hide,
And I still pray and be deny'd?

2 Shall I forever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thy absence mourn?
And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?
And satan, my malicious foe.
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief;
Before my death concludes my grief;
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM XIII. Common metre.

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay!
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
Which chace my fears away?

2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil, in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.

3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts!
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.

Be thou my sun, and thou my shield
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.

5 How will the tempter boast aloud
If I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
At thy so long delay!

6 But they shall flee at thy rebuke,
And satan hide his head:
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice, with dread,

7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace,
Where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung.

PSALM XIV. *First part.* Common metre.

By nature all men are sinners.

FOOLS in their heart believe and say
"That all religion's vain;
There is no God who reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man who sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray;
Their practice all the same:
There's none who fears his Maker's hand;
There's none who loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit;
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In all our hearts are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
'Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM XIV. *Second part.* Common metre.

The folly of Persecutors.

ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they thy saints devour;
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

2 Great God! appear to their surprise,
Reveal thy dreadful name!
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust:
Great God! confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come,
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home:
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM XV. Common. metre.

Character of a saint; or, a citizen of Zion; or, the qualification of a christian.

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?

2 The man who walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands,
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands:

3 Who speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;

Will not promote an ill report,
  Nor do his neighbor wrong:

4 Who wealthy sinners still contemns,
  Loves all who fear the Lord:
And though to his own hurt he swears,
  Still he performs his word:

5 Whose hands disdain a golden bribe,
  And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
  And find his heaven secure.

PSALM XV. Long metre.

Religion and justice, goodness and truth; or, *Duties to God and man;* or, *the qualifications of a christian.*

WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place?
  Great God! and dwell before thy face?
The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean:
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong:

[3 Who will not trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise:
But saints are honor'd in his eyes:

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face;

And doth to all men still the same
Which he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM XVI. *First part.* Long metre.

Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company; or, good works profit men, not God.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd,
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap,
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM XVI. *Second part.* Long metre.

Christ's All-Sufficiency.

HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feaſt;
By day his counſels guide me right;
And, be his name forever bleſt,
He gives me ſweet advice by night.

4 I ſet him ſtill before mine eyes;
At my right hand he ſtands prepar'd,
To keep my ſoul from all ſurpriſe,
And be my everlaſting guard.

PSALM XVI. *Third part.* Long metre.
Courage in death, and hope of the reſurrection.

WHEN God is nigh, my faith is ſtrong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope.

2 Tho' in the duſt I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, wilt thou not leave,
My ſoul forever with the dead;
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

3 My fleſh ſhall thy firſt call obey,
Shake off its duſt and riſe on high;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the ſky.

4 There ſtreams of endleſs pleaſure flow,
And full diſcov'ries of thy grace,
(Which we but taſted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM XVI. *Firſt part.* Common metre.
Support and counſel from GOD, *without merit.*

SAVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe:
In thee my truſt I place,
Though all the good which I can do,
Can ne'er deſerve thy grace.

2 Yet, if my God prolong my breath,
The ſaints may profit by't;

The saints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3 Let *Heathens* to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food;
He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy!
His counsels are my light:
He gives me sweet advice by day,
And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye:
Nor death, nor hell, my hopes shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. *Second part.* Com. metre.

The death and resurrection of Christ.

" I SET the Lord before my face,
" He bears my courage up;
" My heart and tongue their joys express;
" My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
" Where souls departed are;
" Nor quit my body to the grave,
To see corruption there.

3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
" And raise me to thy throne:
" Thy courts immortal pleasures give,
" Thy presence, joy unknown."

[4 Thus, in the name of Christ the Lord,
The holy David sung

And providence fulfils the word
Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom ev'ry saint adores,
Was crucify'd and slain;
Behold the tomb its prey restores!
Behold, he lives again!

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
On heav'ns eternal hills?
There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM XVII. Short metre.

Portion of saints and sinners; or, hope and despair in death.

ARISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold, the sinner dies!
His haughty words are vain:
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies;
And all beyond is pain:

3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand compleat in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 See the new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath!

PSALM XVII. Long metre.

The ſinner's portion and ſaint's hope; or, the heaven of ſeparate ſouls and the reſurrection.

LORD, I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of ſpite againſt me join:
They are the ſword; the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happineſs they know;
'Tis all they ſeek: they take their ſhares,
And leave the reſt among their heirs.

3 What ſinners value, I reſign:
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand compleat in righteouſneſs.

4 This life's a dream, an empty ſhow;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I 'wake and find me there?

5 O glor'ous hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near and like my God;
And fleſh and ſin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſure of my ſoul.

6 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
'Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound:
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And in my Saviour's image riſe.

PSALM XVIII. *Firſt part.* Long Metre.

Deliverance from deſpair; or, temptations overcome.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my ſtrength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm ſhall be my truſt,
For I have found ſalvation thence.

2 Death and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their diſmal ſhade;

While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
(Which none, but those who feel, can tell)
While I was hurry'd to despair.

4 In my distress, I call'd my God,
(When I could scarce believe him mine)
He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
Then did his grace appear divine.

[5 With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as light'ning, shone
The face of my deliv'rer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
(The blast of his almighty breath;)
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength and more their rage,
But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still,
In all the wars which devils wage.

8 My song forever shall record,
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

PSALM XVIII. *Second part.* Long metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy love and truth appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:

Or, if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas ever with a broken heart.

3 What ſore temptations broke my reſt!
What wars and ſtrugglings in my breaſt!
But, through thy grace which reigns within,
I guard againſt my darling ſin.

4 That ſin which cloſe beſets me ſtill,
Which works and ſtrives againſt my will;
When ſhall thy ſpirit's ſov'reign pow'r
Deſtroy it that it riſe no more?

[5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward,
The kind and faithful ſouls ſhall find,
A God as faithful and as kind.]

6 The juſt and pure ſhall ever ſay,
Thou art more pure, more juſt than they;
And men who love revenge, ſhall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

PSALM XVIII. *Third part.* Long metre.

Rejoicing in GOD, or, *ſalvation and triumph.*

JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my ſecure abode;
Who is a God, beſide the Lord?
Or, where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he who girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy ſword to wield;
And while with ſin and hell I fight,
Spreads his ſalvation for my ſhield.

3 He lives, (and bleſſed be my Rock)
The God of my ſalvation lives!
The dark deſigns of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the ſcoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the ſhame.

5 To *David* and his royal seed,
Thy grace forever shall extend;
Thy love to saints in Christ their Head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. *First part.* Com. metre.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence:
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our Leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The light'ning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels, in array,
In millions wait, to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our gen'rals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill,
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 He arms our captains for the fight,
Tho' there his name's forgot;
(He girded *Cyrus* with his might,
But *Cyrus* knew him not.)

Oft has the Lord whole nations bleſt,
For his own Churches' ſake;
The pow'rs which give his people reſt,
Shall of his care partake.]

PSALM XVIII. *Second Part.* Com. metre.

The conquerrors ſong.

TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their ſtrength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boaſted fleets, or ſcale
The proudeſt of their tow'rs.

3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy ſalvation was our ſhield;
But they no ſhelter found!

4 In vain to idol-ſaints they cry;
They periſh in their blood:
Where is a rock ſo great, ſo high,
So pow'rful as our God?

5 The Rock of *Iſr'el* ever lives;
His name be ever bleſt;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people reſt.

6 On ſaints who live as *David* did,
He pours his bleſſings down;
Secures their priv'lege to their ſeed,
And treats them as his own.

PSALM XIX. *First part.* Short metre.

The book of nature and scripture.

For a Lord's-day morning

BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

3 In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

4 *America*, rejoice!
He here reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure;
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.

[7 Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold, which has the furnace past,
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM XIX. *Second part.* Short metre.

God's word most excellent; or, sincerity and watchfulness.

For a Lord's-day morning.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n!

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways;
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry sin;
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,

Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XIX. *Long metre.*

The books of nature and scripture compared or the glory and success of the gospel.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord!
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines:
But, when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights, and days, thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when the truth began its race,
It touch'd it glanc'd, on ev'ry land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
'Till through the world thy truth has run;
'Till Christ has all the nations blest
Which see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise!
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX. Particular metre.

The books of nature and Scripture.

GREAT God! the heav'ns well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name;

There thy rich works of wonder shine;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless pow'r, and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read:
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet, their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun;
And ev'ry nation knows their voice:
The sun like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where e'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker God,
All nature joins to shew thy praise;
Thus, God in ev'ry creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my soul to rest.

6 From the discov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight;
Nor honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, which hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies!
But 'tis thy blessed gospel Lord,
Which makes my guilty conscience clean;
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward!

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumpt'ous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM XX. Long metre.

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when *Isr'el* prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of *Jacob's* God defends
Better than shields, or brazen walls;
He, from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength, when *Zion* calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs;
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of *Isr'el's* God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

[6 O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Then let salvation soon appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM XXI. Common metre.

America the care of heaven.

OUR States, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence thro' nations round
Has spread thy glorious name;
And our successful actions crown'd
Thy majesty with fame.

3 Then let our States on God alone
For timely aid rely!
His mercy, which adorns his throne,
Shall all our wants supply.

4 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
Who hate thy mild command.

5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes, and them, consume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare
And thus exalt thy fame:
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

PSALM XXI. Long metre.

Christ *exalted to the kingdom.*

DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace;
But, Christ, the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants what e'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold,
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Honor and majesty divine,
Around his sacred temples shine;
Blest with the favor of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
And, as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat, and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM XXII. *First part.*

The sufferings and death of Christ.

WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus *David* once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Though 'tis thy chief delight, to dwell
Among thy praising saints;
Yet thou can'st hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3 Our Fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;

But I'm a worm despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn:
In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
Neglected and forlorn.

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh,
By thine almighty word:
And since I hung upon the breast
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy Darling, left among
The cruel and the proud!
As bulls of *Bashan*, fierce and strong,
And lions, roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet, if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown;
In groans I waste my breath:
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down
Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my ſpirit up,
And truſt it in thy hand:
My dying fleſh ſhall reſt in hope,
And riſe at thy command.

PSALM XXII. *Second part.*

Chriſt's ſufferings and kingdom.

"NOW *from the roaring lion's rage,*
" O Lord, protect thy Son!
" Nor leave thy darling to engage
" The pow'rs of hell alone.

2 Thus did the ſuff'ring Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears:
God heard him, in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.

3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worſhip, or ſhall die.

4 A num'rous offspring muſt ariſe
From his expiring groans;
They ſhall be reckon'd in his eyes,
For daughters and for ſons.

5 The meek and humble ſouls ſhall ſee
His table richly ſpread;
And all who ſeek the Lord, ſhall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The iſles ſhall know the righteouſneſs
Of our incarnate God,
And nations, yet unborn, profeſs
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXII. Long metre.

Chriſt's ſufferings and exaltation.

NOW, let our mournful ſongs record
The dying ſorrows of our Lord;

When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The *Jews* behold him thus forlorn,
And shake the head, and laugh in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave,
"Now, let him try himself to save.

" 3 This is the man did once pretend
" God was his Father, and his Friend;
" If God the blessed lov'd him so,
" Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous people; cruel priests!
How they stand round like savage beasts!
Like lions, gaping to devour,
When God has left him in their pow'r.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness;
And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM XXIII. Long metre.

God our Shepherd.

MY Shepherd is the living Lord,
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide

2 In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake!
But, he restores my soul to peace;

And leads me, for his mercies sake,
In the fair path of righteousness.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps;
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth, and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well,
With living bread and cheerful wine.

[7 How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness, at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell, to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

PSALM XXIII. Common metre.

MY Shepherd will supply my need;
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in ſpite of all my foes,
Doth ſtill my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The ſure proviſions of my God,
Attend me all my days;
O may thy Houſe be mine abode,
And all my work be praiſe!

6 There would I find a ſettled reſt,
(While others go and come)
No more a ſtranger, or a gueſt,
But, like a child, at home.

PSALM XXIII. Short metre.

THE Lord my ſhepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide!

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'ly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my ſoul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right way,
For his moſt holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fears:
Though I ſhould walk through death's dark ſhade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In ſpite of all my foes
Thou doſt my table ſpread;
My cup with bleſſings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;

Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM XXIV. Common metre.

Dwelling with God.

THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With *Adam's* num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2 But who, among the sons of men,
May visit thine abode?
He who has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace;
This is the lot of those, who seek
The God of *Jacob's* face.

4 Now, let your soul's immortal pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory's near.

5 The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might!
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints, is his delight.

PSALM XXIV. Long metre.

Saints Dwell in heaven; or, Christ's ascension.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds;
He rais'd the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter place on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?

3 He who abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
Who seek the God of *Jacob's* face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light!

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory's nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils of earth and hell,
The conqu'ror comes with God to dwell!

7 Rais'd from the dead he goes before;
He opens heav'ns eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. *First part.*

Waiting for pardon and direction.

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name:
Let not my foes who seek my blood,
Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell
Persuade me to despair:
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.

From the first dawning light,
'Till the dark ev'ning rise,

For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake,
He saves my soul from shame,
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. *Second part.*

Divine Instruction.

WHERE shall the man be found
Who fears t' offend his God,
Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart;
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy, still,
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises,
In their extensive grace.

PSALM XXV. *Third part.*

Distress of soul; or, backsliding and desertion.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;

I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5 With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow new begins:
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell:
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again:
Of *Isr'el* it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Self-examination; or, evidences of grace.

JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;

My faith upon thy promiſe ſtays
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk. I hate to ſit
With men of vanity and lies;
The ſcoffer and the hypocrite,
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Among the ſaints will I appear,
With hands well waſh'd in innocence;
But when I ſtand before thy bar,
The blood of Chriſt is my defence,

4 I love thy habitation. Lord,
The temple where thine honors dwell
There ſhall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my ſoul be join'd, at laſt,
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have paſt
Among thy ſaints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. *First part.*

The Church is our delight and ſafety.

THE Lord of glory is my light,
  And my ſalvation too;
God is my ſtrength; nor will I fear
  What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart deſires;
  O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
  The temples of my God!

3 There ſhall I offer my requeſts,
  And ſee thy beauty ſtill;
Shall hear thy meſſages of love,
  And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles riſe, and ſtorms appear,
  There may his children hide;

God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. *Second part.*

Prayer and Hope.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
Ye children seek my grace,
My heart reply'd without delay,
I'll seek my father's face.

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away:
God of my life, I fly to thee,
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXIX. Long metre.

Storm and Thunder.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r;
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And light'nings blaze at his command.

3 He ſpeaks, and tempeſt, hail and wind,
Lay the wide foreſt bare around:
The fearful hart and frighten'd hind,
Leap at the terrors of the ſound.

4 To *Lebanon* he turns his voice,
And lo! the ſtately cedars break,
The mountains tremble at the noiſe;
The vallies roar; the deſarts quake.

5 The Lord ſits ſov'reign on the flood;
The Thund'rer reigns forever King;
But makes his church his bleſt abode,
Where we his awful glories ſing.

6 In gentler language there the Lord,
The counſels of his grace imparts:
Amidſt the raging ſtorm. his word
Speaks peace and courage, to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. *Firſt part.*

Sickneſs healed, and ſorrow removed.

I WILL extol thee, Lord on high,
At thy command diſeaſes fly!
Who but a God, can ſpeak and ſave
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye ſaints of his,
And tell how large his goodneſs is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bleſs,
While you record his holineſs.

3 His anger but a moment ſtays;
His love is life and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning ſtar reſtores the joy.

PSALM XXX. *Second part.*

Health, sickness, and recovery.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd, 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"*Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.*"

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God!
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the dust can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there!

4 "Hear me, O God of grace! I said,
"And bring me from among the dead;"
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and heav'n,
For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n!

PSALM XXXI. *First part.*

Deliverance from death.

INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
And sav'd me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a double strife,

While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.

3 *My time is in thine hand*, I cry'd,
Though I draw near the dust;
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine.
And save me, for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

[5 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,
I must despair and die,
I am cut off before thine eyes?
But thou hast heard my cry.]

6 Thy goodness, how divinely free!
How wond'rous is thy grace,
To those who fear thy Majesty,
And trust thy promises!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud;
He'll lend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM XXXI. *Second part.*

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

MY heart rejoices in thy name.
My God, my help, my Trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honor from the dust.

2 "My life is spent with grief, I cry'd,
"My years consum'd in groans,
"My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
"And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies, my name
Was a mere proverb grown,

While to my neighbors I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear, on ev'ry side
Seiz'd and beset me round:
I to the throne of grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought,
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!

6 Thy children from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavillion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me forever dwell;
No fenced city wall'd and barr'd
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM XXXII. Short metre.

Forgiveness of sin upon confession.

O BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress;
Is found in God alone!

PSALM XXXII. Common metre.

Free pardon and sincere obedience; or, confession and forgiveness.

HAPPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin,
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond expression he,
Whose debts are thus discharg'd!
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies;
His words are all sincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt supprest,
No quiet could I find:
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then, I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy love my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
While, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. *First part.* L. Metre.

Repentance and free pardon; or, Justification and Sanctification.

BLEST is the man, for ever blest,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God;

Whose sins, with sorrow, are confess'd,
And cover'd with a Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man, to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace, relies.

3 From guile, his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
Which hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace,
Through his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM XXXII. *Second part.* Long metre.
A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart.

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thy holy spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat:
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe, from ev'ry snare.

PSALM XXXIII. *First part.* Com. met.
Works of creation and Providence.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you:

Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name,

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches spread;
And by the spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM XXXIII. *Second part.* Com. metre.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

BLEST is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his glorious throne:
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own

2 His eye with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold:
He form'd us all, of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd, by the force
Of armies, from the grave;

Nor speed nor courage of a horse
  Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
  To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
  A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
  When plagues of famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just,
  Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
  And bless us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
  And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

First part.

Works of creation and providence.

YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
  Your maker's praise becomes your voice
    Great is your theme, your songs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
  How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
  His word the heav'nly arches spread;
How wide they shine from north to south!
And by the spirit of his mouth
  Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
Those wat'ry treasures know their place
  In the vast store-house of the deep;
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heav'n and earth,
  His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r;
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage;
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But, his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world, from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. Second part.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

O HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his Church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God their maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of a horse,
To guard his rider or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne:
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. First part. Long metre.

God's care of the saints; or deliverance by prayer.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue:

My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his name;
I sought the Eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groanings reach his ears:
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine:
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men who serve the Lord:
O fear and love him, all ye saints,
Taste of his grace, and trust his word!

6 The wild young Lions, pinch'd with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood:
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM XXXIV. *Second part*. Long metre.

Religious education; or, instructions of piety.

CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy.
Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state
Restrain your feet from impious ways;
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
His ears are open to their cries:

He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts,
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His spirit heals their broken bones;
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM XXXIV. *First part.* Com. metre.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverances.

I'LL bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls who use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honor of his name,
How a poor sinner cry'd!
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes!

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 O sinners come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own exper'ence prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;

What ills their heav'nly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.]

[7 O love the Lord, ye saints of his!
His eye regards the just;
How richly blest their portion is,
Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor,
With ev'ry needful good.]

PSALM XXXIV. *Second part* Com. metre.

Exhortation to peace and holiness.

COME, children, learn to fear the Lord.
And that your days be long,
Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace:
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry:
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too.
The Lord, who saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now!

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own;
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,

Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeems their souls.

PSALM XXXV. *First part.* Com. metre.

Prayer and faith of persecuted saints; or, Imprecations mixt with charity.

NOW plead my cause, Almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out the spear and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod;
But, to my soul in mercy, say,
I am thy Saviour God.

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
Which their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slipp'ry be their ground:
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind,
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road which leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord most high,

7 But, if thou hast a chosen few
Among that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew,
By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known:

In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own.

PSALM *XXXV. Second part.* Com. met.

Love to enimies; or, the love of Christ, to sinners, typified in David.

BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
Which holy *David* shows!
Hark, how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And, fasting, mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous Lord returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears!

6 He, the true *David, Israel's* King,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us, rebels dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM *XXXVI.* Long metre

The perfections and providence of God; or al providence and special grace.

HIGH in the heav'ns, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory, shines

Thy truth ſhall break through ev'ry cloud
Which veils and darkens thy deſigns.

2 For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgements are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beaſt thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But, ſaints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope or comfort ſprings!
The ſons of Adam, in diſtreſs,
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings.

5 From the proviſion of thy houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet repaſt;
There mercy, like a river flows,
And brings ſalvation to our taſte.

6 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the preſence of the Lord;
And in thy light our ſouls ſhall ſee
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVI. Com. metre.

Practical Atheiſm expoſed; or, the Being and Attributes of God aſſerted.

WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often ſays,
Their thoughts believe there's none.

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profeſs)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they ſeek his grace.

3 What ſtrange ſelf-flattery blinds their eyes!
But there's a haſt'ning hour

When they shall see with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away:
Thy judgements are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heaven's created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend:
Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children choose to rest.

7 From thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high,

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

PSALM XXXVI. Short metre.

The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God: or, practical Atheism exposed.

WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me, cries,
He hath no faith of God within,
No fear before his eyes.

2 [He walks a while conceal'd
In a self-flat'ring dream;
'Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair:

Thy truth ſhall break through ev'ry cloud
Which veils and darkens thy deſigns.

2 For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands,
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2 [He walks a while conceal'd
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'Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair:

Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there,

4 He plots upon his bed,
New mischiefs to fulfil,
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practice all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky,
In heaven his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings.

PSALM XXXVII. *First part.*

The cure of envy, fretfulness and unbelief; or, the Rewards of the righteous and the wicked; or, the world's hatred and the saint's patience.

WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flow'ry grass cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good:
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;

Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek, at last, the earth possess
And are the heirs of heav'n:
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way:
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace.
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them; for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out their threat'ning swords,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men who fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. *Second part*

Charity to the poor; or, *Religion in words & deeds*

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excells the sinners' gold!

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;

The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms, with liberal heart, he gives,
Among the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd, from ev'ry snare:
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell forever there.

PSALM XXXVII. *Third part.*

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will:
Though they should fall, they rise again;
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways;
Their virtue he approves:
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is their's,
Their portion and their home:
He feeds them, now, and makes them heirs,
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear, when tyrants frown;

Ye ſhall confeſs their pride was vain,
When juſtice caſts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty ſinner have I ſeen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And, lo! he vaniſh'd from the ground,
Deſtroy'd by hands unſeen!
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

7 But, mark the man of righteouſneſs,
His ſev'ral ſteps attend;
True pleaſure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Guilt of conſcience, and relief; or, Repentance and prayer for pardon and health.

AMIDST thy wrath, remember love;
Reſtore thy ſervant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chaſt'ning prove
Like an avenger's ſword.

2 Thine arrows ſtick within my heart,
My fleſh is ſorely preſt:
Between the ſorrow and the ſmart,
My ſpirit finds no reſt.

3 My ſins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t'atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled ſea,
My head ſtill bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

PSALM XXXIX. *Third part.*

Sick-bed devotion; or, Pleading without repining.

GOD of my life! look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But, I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command:
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd, as the moth, beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

[5 This mortal life decays apace;
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his num'rous race,
Are vanity and smoke.]

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear!

7 But, if my life be spar'd a-while,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL. *First part.* Com. metre.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

I WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;

He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet.
(Deep bonds of miry clay.)

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints, with joy, shall hear;
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM XL. *Second part.* Com. metre.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
"Give your burnt off'rings o'er;
"In dying goats, and bullocks slain
"My soul delights no more."

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo! I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy sacred books declare
"Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy Law is ever in my sight,
"I keep it near my heart:

"Mine ears are open'd with delight,
"To what thy lips impart."

4 And, see! the blest Redeemer comes!
The Eternal Son appears!
And, at th' appointed time, assumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much He reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much His truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honor touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinner's cries,
And to fulfil a saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed,
Cou'd wash the conscience clean;
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin!

8 Then was the great salvation spread,
And satan's kingdom shook:
Thus, by the woman's promis'd seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM XL. Long metre.

Christ *our sacrifice.*

THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But, thou hast set before our eyes,
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine Eternal Son appears,
To thy demands he bows his ears;

Assumes a body, well prepar'd,
And well performs the work so hard.

4 "Behold I come (the Saviour cries,
"With love and duty in his eyes)
"I come, to bear the heavy load
"Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I Must fulfil the Saviour's part,
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obed'ence draw
"When on my cross I'm lifted high,
"Or, on my throne above the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
"What thou hast doneand what I do;
"The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
"Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

PSALM XLI. Long metre.

Charity to the poor; or, *Pity to the afflicted.*

BLEST is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief.
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels, too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence and death,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n;

Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM XLII. *First part.*

Desertion and hope; or, *Complaint of absence from public worship.*

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God; to thee I look!
So pants the hunted hart, to find,
And taste, the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults, without controul,
And where's your God at last?

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure, now,
I think on ancient days,
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why my soul sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all my woes remove;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM XLII. *Second part.*

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, *Hope in affliction.*

MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumult'ous noise,
Swell, like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his Throne, by day:
Nor, in the night, his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast my self before his feet,
And say, "My, God, my Heav'nly Rock
"Why doth thy love, so long forget
"The soul which groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart, which sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM XLIV. Common metre.

The Church's complaint in persecution,

LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace;
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days.

2 How thou didst build thy Churches here,
And make thy Gospel known;
Among them did thine arm appear;
Thy light and glory shone!

3 In God they boasted all the day,
And, in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet, to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.

4 But, now, our souls are seiz'd with shame;
Confusion fills our face,

To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with Heav'n,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty, thou hast giv'n?

6 Though Dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day, to die
As martyrs, for thy cause;
As sheep, for slaughter bound, we lie,
By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhor'd,
Or banish'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou forever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
Forever hide thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise, for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'r confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honors of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV. Short metre.

The glory of Christ; the success of the gospel, and the Gentile church.

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;

Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glory known;
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride, in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t'obey;
While justice. meekneefs, grace and truth,
Attend thy glor'ous way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy Throne shall ever stand;
And thy victor'ous gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

[5 Thy Father and thy God
Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T'anoint thy sacred head.]

[6 Behold, at thy right hand,
The *Gentile* church is seen,
Like a fair bride, in rich attire,
And Princes guard the Queen.

7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.]

8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honor sing
In palaces of joy.

PSALM XLV. Common metre

The personal glories and government of Christ.

I'LL speak the honors of my King,
His form divinely fair;

None of the sons of mortal race
 May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
 Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God, with blessings infinite
 Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince;
 Ride, with Majestic sway:
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
 And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
 Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre, in thy hands,
 To rule the saints, by Love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee, still,
 But, mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
 With most peculiar joys.

PSALM XLV. *First part.* Long metre.

The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel.

NOW, be my heart inspir'd to sing
 The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus, the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines, with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows
And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
Gird on the terror of thy sword;
In majesty and glory, ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;

Or, words of mercy, kind and ſweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy Throne, O God, forever ſtands,
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right,
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head,
And, with his ſacred Spirit, bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

PSALM XLV. *Second part* Long metre.

Chriſt and his Church; or, The myſtical marriage

THE King of ſaints how fair his face!
Adorn'd with Majeſty and Grace;
He comes with bleſſings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right-hand, our eyes behold
The Queen array'd in pureſt gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dreſs:
Her robe of joy and righteouſneſs.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and ſeats her near his throne;
Fair ſtranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native State.

4 So ſhall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker, and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies!
And all thy ſons (a num'rous train)
Each, like a prince, in glory reign!

6 Let endleſs honors crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praiſes ſpread!

While we, with cheerful ſongs, approve
The condeſcentions of his love.

PSALM XLVI. *Firſt part.*

The Church's ſafety and triumph, among national deſolation.

GOD is the refuge of his ſaints,
When ſtorms of ſharp diſtreſs invade!
E'er we can offer our complaints,
Behold him preſent with his aid!

2 Let mountains from their ſeats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and bury'd there;
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid world,
Our faith ſhall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In ſacred peace our ſouls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry ſhore
Tremble and dread the ſwelling tide.

3. There is a ſtream whoſe gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love and joy, ſtill gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That ſacred ſtream, thine Holy Word,
There all our raging fear controuls:
Sweet peace thy promiſes afford,
And give new ſtrength to fainting ſouls.

6 *Sion* enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. *Second Part.*

God fights for his Church.

LET *Sion* in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms riſe

He utters his Almighty voice.
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old, for *Jacob* fought,
And *Jacob*'s God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made!

3 From sea to sea through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When, from on high, his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep silence, all ye earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name!

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad;
"But still my throne in *Sion* stands."

6 O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King!
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM XLVII. Common metre.

Christ ascending and reigning.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land its tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high,
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him, rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;

Let all the earth his honors sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him, with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In *Isr'el* stood his ancient throne;
He lov'd that chosen race:
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 These ransom'd States are all the Lord's,
Here *Abr'ham's* God is known,
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM XLVIII. *First part.*

The Church is the honor and safety of a nation.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place;
The bulwarks of our land.

3 In *Sion.* God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind,
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies, tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,

He fends his tempest, roaring loud,
And finks them in the feas.

6 Oft have our fathers told;
Our eyes have often feen
How well our God fecures the fold
Where his own fheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new diftrefs
We'll to his Houfe repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And feek deliv'rance there,

PSALM XLVIII. *Second part.*

The beauty of the Church; or, Gofpel-worfhip and order.

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praife:
Thy faints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their fongs of honor raife.

2 With joy, let *Judah* ftand
On *Sion's* chofen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counfels of thy will.

3 Let ftrangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compafs and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

4 The orders of thy houfe,
The worfhip of thy court,
The cheerful fongs, the folemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wife!
How glor'ous to behold!
Beyond the pomp which charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And our's above the sky.

PSALM XLIX. *First part.*

Pride and death; or, The vanity of life and riches

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honors flow
With ev'ry rising tide?

[2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast, as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasure can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

[4 Life is a blessing can't be sold;
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My house shall ever stand:
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcase lies,

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And, yet, their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honor raise them high,
Live like a beast, a thoughtless race,
And like a beast they die.

[10 Laid in the grave, like filthy sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep
In terror and despair.]

PSALM XLIX. *Second part*. Com. metre.

Death and the Resurrection.

YE sons of pride, who hate the just
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene?
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all who scorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
When sep'rate from the flesh!
And break the prison of the grave
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
The inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. Long metre.

The rich sinners' death, and the saints' resurrection.

WHY do the proud insult the poor,
And boast the large estates they have?

How vain are riches to secure
Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
With all the wealth in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

5 His honors perish in the dust.
And pomp, and beauty, birth and blood;
That glor'ous day exalts the just
To f.. l dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode:
My flesh and soul shall part no more:
But dwell forever near my God.

PSALM L. *First part.* Common metre.

The last judgment; or, the Saints rewarded.

THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky

2 No more sha'l bold blasphemers say
Judgment will ne'er begin;
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,

Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know, and fear,
His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints (he cries)
"Who made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
"Who seal'd it with their blood.

6 "Their faith and works, brought forth to light
"Shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right,
"And Heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM L. *Second part.* Common metre.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

THUS saith the Lord, "the spacious fields
"And flocks and herds are mine.
"O'er all the cattle of the hills
"I claim a right divine.

2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praise,
"Is all which I require.

3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
"My hand shall set thee free;
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare
"The honor due to me.

4 "The man who offers humble praise,
"He glorifies me best:
"And those who tread my holy ways
"Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM L. *Third part.* Com. metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

WHEN Christ to judgment doth descend,
And saints surround their Lord,

He calls the nations, to attend
And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
"Will I the world reprove;
"Altars and rites and forms are vain,
"Without the fire of Love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do,
"To bring their sacrifice?
"They call my statutes just and true,
"But deal in theft and lies.

4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
"And sin without controul?
"But I shall bring your crimes to light,
"With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider ye who slight the Lord,
Before his wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his sword,
There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM L. Long metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

THE Lord the Judge, his Churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear.
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches! dare rehearse his name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbors wrong,
Yet dare to seek their maker's face;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To Heav'n they lift their hands, unclean,
Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood:

By night they practise ev'ry sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay
They grow secure, and sin the more:
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far of the dreadful hour!

6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes;
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

PSALM L.

The last judgment.

THE Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons forth,
Calls the *South* nations, and awakes the *North*;
From *East* to *West* the sounding orders spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of the dead:
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no More; behold the day!

2 Behold the Judge descends! his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky;
Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near! let all things come
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom;
But, gather first my saints? the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold !my cov'nant stands forever good,
Seal'd by th' Eternal Sacrifice, in blood,
And sign'd with all their names; the *Greek* the *Jew*,
Who paid the ancient worship, or the new,
There's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.]

4 I, their Almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge: ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
My just Eternal Sentence, and declare
Those awful truths which sinners dread to hear,

Sinners in *Zion*, tremble, and retire ?
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire !

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee : bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love : in vain the store
Of brutal offerings which were mine before ;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds and fields, and forests, where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
When did I thirst or drink thy bullock's blood,
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows ?
Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows ?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold ?

7 Unthinking wretch ! how could'st thou hope to
A God, a spirit, with such toys as these ? please
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love ;
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an imp'ous thought within,
That God the righteous, would indulge thy sin!
Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul !

9 Sinners, awake, betimes ; ye fools, be wise,
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise :
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked ways amend.;
Fly to the Saviour make the Judge your friend,
Lest, like a Lion, his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

PSALM L.

The last Judgment.

THE God of Glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the *South* nations and awakes the *North*;

From *East* to *West* the Sov'reign orders spread
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay.
His vengeance sleeps no more ; behold the day !
Behold the Judge descends, his guards are nigh;
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky !
When God appears, all nature shall adore him ;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

3 " Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near ; let all things come
" To hear my justice and the sinner's doom ;
" But gather first my saints the Judge commands
" Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
When Christ *returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion.*
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

4 " Behold my cov'nant stands forever good,
" Seal'd by th' Eternal Sacrifice in blood !
" And sign'd with all their names ; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
" Who paid the ancient worship, or the new,
There's no distinction here ; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.

5 " Here, (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their thrones,
" And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons :
" Come my redeem'd. possess the joy prepar'd,
" E'er time began : 'tis your divine reward.
When Christ *returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,*
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE the first.

6 " I am the Saviour. I th' Almighty God ;
" I am the Judge, ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
" My just Eternal Sentence, and declare
" Those awful truths, which sinners dread to hear.

When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 " Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane;
" Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain;
" Thou hypocrite, once drest in saints' attire,
" I doom thee painted hypocrite to fire.
Judgment proceeds! hell trembles! heav'n rejoices!
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

8 " Not for the want of goats, or bullocks slain
" Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain,
" Without the flames of love; in vain the store
" Of brutal off'rings, which were mine before:
Earth is the Lord's *all nature shall adore him:*
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9 " If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
" When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
" Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
" Flocks, herds, and fields, and forrests where they feed.
All is the Lord's, *he rules the wide creation;*
Gives sinners, vengeance; and the saints salvation.

10 " Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
" Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
" Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
" Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?
God is the Judge of hearts: no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty, when his vengeance rises.

PAUS the second.

11 " Unthinking wretch! how could'st thou hope to please
" A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
" While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
" Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong;
Judgment proceeds! hell trembles! heav'n rejoices!
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
"Thieves and adult'rers are thy chosen friends;
"While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,
"His harden'd soul Divine Instruction hates.
God is the Judge of hearts; no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty, when his vengeance rises.

13 "Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love;
"But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
"And cherish such an impious thought within,
"That the ALL HOLY would indulge thy sin?
See, God appears, all nature joins t' adore him,
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 "Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
"And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul:
"Now like a Lion shall my vengeance tear
"Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near.
Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

15 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wise;
Awake, before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
Then join, ye saints, wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM LI. *First part.* Long metre.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

SHEW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but ca'nt surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:

Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning grace be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin!
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, my burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death:
And, if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair

PSALM LI. *Second part.* Long metre.

Original and actual sin confessed.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

[3 Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger, and my remedy.]

4 Behold! I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace

No outward forms can make me clean!
The leprosy lies deep within:

5 Nor bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running-brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow!
No *Jewish* types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice

PSALM LI. *Third part.* Long metre.

The backslider restored; or, Repentance and Faith in the blood of Christ.

O THOU! who hear'st when sinners cry
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not, with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy Good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore;
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy Throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;

The God of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my pow'rs shall join, to bless
The Lord my strength and Righteousness.

PSALM LI. *First part.* Com. metre.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace
How high my crimes arise.

2 Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of *Adam* came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature, sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion with my breath,
And as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord; and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love!
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove,

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fil it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;
Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. *Second part.* Com. metre.

Repentance and Faith in the blood of Christ.

O GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My load of guilt remove,
Break down the separating wall
Which bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats nor heifers slain
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan, a broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. Common metre.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

ARE all the foes of *Sion* fools
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For, God's revenging arm

Scatters the bones of those who rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of satan boast
Of armies in array:
When God has first despis'd their host
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from *Sion's* King
Her captives to restore!
Jacob, with all his tribes shall sing,
And *Judah* weep no more.

PSALM LV. Common metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

O GOD! my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears!
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is level'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound;
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Among the shades of death.

4 O were I like a feather'd dove!
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desart go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!

The Mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid:
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If he commands their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all:
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men,
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM LV. Short metre.

Dangerous prosperity; or, daily devotion encouraged.

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But, in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my Eternal God!
While sinners perish, in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord:
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his Word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

PSALM LVI.

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood; or, God's care of his people, in answer to faith and prayer.

O THOU! whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But, as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God, most holy just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape, without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Or cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears:

Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky
So near is God to me.

8 In Thee, Most Holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what *man* can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord:
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, *How faithful is thy word;*
How righteous all thy ways!

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
O set thy pris'ner free!
That heart and hand and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII. Long metre.

Praise for protection, grace and truth

MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
'Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;

Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise;
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth, his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII.

Warning to Magistrates.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injur'd poor before you stands?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the Judges too?
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where e'er it wounds;
You hear no counsels cries or tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the pow'r of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, Eternal God,
Those teeth of lions, dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky !
Their grandeur melts, their titles die :
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails which perish in their slime!
Or births which come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun !

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford ;
And all, who hear, shall join and say
"Sure there's a God who rules on high ;
"A God who hears his children cry,
"And will their suff'rings well repay."

PSALM LX. Common metre.

On a day of humiliation for disappointments in War.

LORD, hast thou cast *New England* off?
Must we forever mourn ?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath ?
Shall mercy ne'er return ?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away ;
Like men who totter, drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

3 *New England* shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning hand ;
O heal the people thou hast broke,
Restore the trembling land.

4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those who fear thy name :
Save thy beloved, with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confed'rate God :
In vain, confed'rate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown,
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God who treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. Short metre.

Safety in God.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift my eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head!
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those who fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. Long metre.

No trust in the creatures; or Faith in Divine Grace and Power.

MY spirit looks to God alone;
My only refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in a balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your heart on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once has His awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. *First part.* Com. metre.

The morning of a Lord's day.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r,
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, 'till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King,
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM LXIII. *Second part.* Com. metre.

Midnight thoughts recollected

'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r;
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
My God! my Life! my Hope! I said,
Bring thy salvation nigh.

3 My spirit labors up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road:
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes, and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain:
The tempter shall forever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the depths of hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long metre.

Longing after God; or, The Love of God better than Life.

GREAT God! indulge my humble claim;
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
The glories which compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties;
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood!

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers, in thirsty lands,
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

5 Not fruits, nor wines which tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passion so.

6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste of pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. Short metre.

Seeking God.

MY God, permit my tongue,
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers, in desert lands,
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For, life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee, while I live;
Not all the dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps!
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXV. *First part.* Long metre.

Public prayer and praise.

THE praise of *Sion* waits for thee,
My God; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou! whose mercy bends the skies,
To save, when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the *Northern* sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stain;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee:
Give him a place within thine house,
To taste thy love, divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let *Babel* fear when *Sion* prays;
Babel prepare for long distress,
When *Sion's* God himself arrays
In terrour and in righteousness.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with Almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.

7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To *Sion's* hill and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. *Second part.* Long metre.

Divine Providence, in air, earth and sea; or, The God of Nature and Grace.

THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of *Sion* mix'd with tears;

Yet when he comes, with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By Nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, who travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempest cease,
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumult'ous nation raves,
Wild as the wind, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles, in a peaceful form;
Mountains, establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

6 Behold, his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The *Heathen* lands, with sad surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of *Western* hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit and drest with flow'rs.

9 'Tis from his watry stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desart grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the vallies yield;

The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile, in green array,
There, lambs and larger cattle play:
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks Thy Name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine;
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. *First part.* Common metre.

A prayer-bearing God, and the Gentiles called.

PRAISE waits in *Sion*, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail;
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.

3 Bless'd are the men whom thou shalt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make Thy Name their trust.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heav'n appear;

But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love, as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. *Second part.* Com. metre.

The Providence of God, in air, earth and sea; or, The blessing of rain.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r!
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning light and ev'ning-shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plent'ous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n, earth and air are thine;
When clouds distil their fruitful show'rs,
The Author is Divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy ways abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. *Third part.* Com. metre.

The Blessing of the Spring; or, God gives rain.

A Psalm for the husbandman.

GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy command,

Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'rers sing.

4 The little hills, on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, drest in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again
And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bount'ous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PASLM LXVI. *First part.* Com. metre.

Governing Power and goodness; or our Grace tried by Afflictions.

SING all ye nation, to the Lord,
Sing, with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound, record
His honors, and your joys.

2 Say to the pow'r which shakes the sky
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or, at thy feet they bow."

3 Come see the wonders of our God,
How glo'ous are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts the rod,
And cleaves the frighted seas,

4 He made the ebbing channel dry
While Isr'el pass'd thee flood;
There did the Church begin their joys
And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might:
What rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war!

6 O Bless our God, and never cease!
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways,

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The mettle to refine.

8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place,
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. *Second part.*

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty Pow'r
Wich heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye who fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid:
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade,

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But, God (his name be ever blest)
Has set my spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII. Common metre.

The Nation's prosperity, and the Church's increase.

SHINE, mighty God, on all the land,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face,

[2 Amidst our States, exalted high,
Do thou our Glory stand,
And, like a wall of guard'an fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]

3 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth obroad;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord ye rescu'd States,
Sing loud, with solemn voice?
While thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And greatful hearts rejoice.

5 He, the Great Lord, the Sov'reign Judge,
Who sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made
In justice and in love,

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a full increase:
Our God will crown this chosen clime,
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God, the Redeemer, ſcatters round
His choiceſt favors here,
While the creation's utmoſt bound
Shall ſee, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. *Firſt Part.* Long metre.

The Vengeance and Compaſſion of God.

GOD will ariſe in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight,
As ſmoke, which ſought to cloud the ſkies,
Before the riſing tempeſt flies;

[2 He comes, array'd in burning flames;
Juſtice and Vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire
Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders through the ſky;
His name, Jehovah, ſounds on high!
Sing to his name, ye ſons of grace;
Ye ſaints, rejoice before his face!

4 The widow and the fatherleſs
Fly to his aid, in ſharp diſtreſs:
In him the poor and helpleſs find
A Judge, moſt juſt; a Father, kind.

5 He breaks the captiv's heavy chain,
And pris'ners ſee the light again;
But rebels, who diſpute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkneſs ſtill.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your ſong;
His wond'rous name and pow'rs rehearſe;
His honors ſhall enrich your verſe.

7 He ſhakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God, in arms!

Isr'el are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest!
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PSALM LXVIII. *Second part.* Long metre.

Christ's *Ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.*

LORD when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots to attend thy state.

2 Not *Sinai's* mountain could appear
More glor'ous when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebell'ous pow'rs of hell,
(Which thousand souls had captive made)
Were all in chains like captives led!

4 Rais'd, by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel men.
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. *Third part.* Long metre.

Praise for Temporal blessings; or, Common and Spiritual mercies

WE bless the Lord, the just and good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food:
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits to warm the ground;

He bids the clouds with plent'ous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence which remains,
Is endless joys, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, who bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread:
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right-hand his saints shall raise,
From the deep earth or deeper seas,
And bring them to his Courts above;
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX. *First Part.* Com. Metre.

The sufferings of Christ *for our salvation.*

SAVE me O God the swelling floods
"Break in upon my soul!
"I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
"Like mighty waters roll.

2 "I cry 'till all my voice be gone;
"In tears I waste the day:
"My God! behold my longing eyes!
"And shorten thy delay.

3 "They hate my soul, without a cause,
"And still their number grows
"More than the hairs around my head,
"And mighty are my foes.

4 "'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
"Which men could never pay,

"And gave those honors to thy law,
"Which Sinners took away."

5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name,
The Royal Prophet mourns;
Thus he awake's our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 "Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
"Salvation in my name;
"For I have borne their heavy load
"Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 "Grief like a garment cloth'd me round,
"And sackcloth was my dress,
"While I procur'd for naked souls
"A robe of righteousness.

8 "Among my brethren, and the *Jews*,
"I, like a stranger stood,
"And bore their vile reproach, to bring
"The *Gentiles* near to God.

9 "I came, in sinful mortals' stead,
"To do my Father's will;
"Yet, when I cleans'd my Father's house,
"They scandalis'd my zeal.

10 "My fasting and my holy groans
"Were made the drunkard's song,
"But God from his celestial throne
"Heard my complaining tongue."

11 "He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,
"Nor let my soul be drown'd;
"He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet
"On well establish'd ground.

12 "Twas in a most accepted hour
"My pray'r arose on high,
"And for my sake, my God shall hear
"The dying sinners cry."

PSALM LXIX. *Second part.* Com. metre.

The Passion *and exaltation of* Christ.

NOW let our lips with holy fear
And mournful pleasure sing
The Suff'rings of our great High Priest,
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
How high the waters rise!
While to his heav'nly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries!

3 "Hear me O Lord and save thy Son,
" Nor hide thy shining face;
" Why should thy fav'rite look like one
" Forsaken of thy grace?

4 " With rage they persecute the MAN
" Who groans beneath thy wound,
" While for a sacrifice I pour
" My life upon the ground,

5 " They tread my honor to the dust,
" And laugh when I complain;
" Their sharp insulting slanders add
" Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 " All my reproach is known to thee;
" The Scandal and the shame;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
" And lies defil'd my name.

7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain;
" My kindred are my grief;
" I ask my friends for comfort round,
" But meet with no relief.

8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst;
" They give me gall for food;
" And, sporting with my dying groans,
" They triumph in my blood."

9 "Shine into my diſtreſſed ſoul;
"Let thy compaſſion ſave;
"And, tho' my fleſh ſink down to death,
"Redeem it from the grave.

10 "I ſhall ariſe to praiſe thy name,
"Shall reign in worlds unknown,
"And thy ſalvation, O my God!
"Shall ſeat me on thy Throne."

PSALM LXIX. *Third part.* Com. metre.

Chriſt's Obedience and Death; or, God glorified and ſinners ſaved

FATHER, I ſing thy wond'rous grace,
I bleſs my Saviour's name;
He bought ſalvation for the poor,
And bore the ſinner's ſhame.

2 His deep diſtreſs has rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke,
And finiſh'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living ſongs
Shall better pleaſe my God,
Than harp or trumpet's ſolemn ſound,
Than goat's or bullocks' blood.

4 This ſhall his humble fol'wers ſee,
And ſet their hearts at reſt;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever bleſt.

5 Let heav'n and all who dwell on high,
To God their voices raiſe,
While lands and ſeas aſſiſt the ſky,
And join t' advance his praiſe.

6 *Sion* is thine, Moſt Holy God
Thy Son ſhall bleſs her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own *Iſr'el* waits.

PSALM LXIX. *First part.* Long metre

Christ's passion, and sinner's salvation.

DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord:
Behold the rising billows roll
To overwhelm his righteous soul!

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for sins which we have done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honor of thy law restor'd:
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

5 O, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM LXIX. *Second part.* Long metre.

Christ's *sufferings and zeal.*

'TWAS for thy sake, Eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load
Of base reproach, and sore disgrace,
And shame defil'd His sacred face.

2 The *Jews*, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the MAN who check'd their sin;
While he fulfil'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

3 *My Father's house* (said he) *was made*
A place for worship, not for trade;

Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

[4 Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at Thy Glory thrown,
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 His friends forsook his foll'wers fled.
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a sland'rous tongue,
The Judge, unjust, maintains the wrong.

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips wi.h blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree;
There hung the MAN who dy'd for me!

7 Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mock'd His thirst with vinegar.]

8 But, God beheld and from his throne
Marks out the men who hate his Son:
The hand which rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the vengence on their head.

PSALM LXXI. *First part.* Com. metre.

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

MY God, My everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth:
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all those limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year;

Behold! my days which yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off, when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
When e'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line, thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. *Second part.* Com. metre.

Christ *our strength and righteousness.*

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my Everlasting Trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And, since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God,

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

[6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My saviour and my God;

His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs:
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

PSALM LXXI. *Third part.* com metre.

The aged Christian's prayer and song; or, Old age, Death and the Resurrection.

GOD of my childhood and my youth,
Thou guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs;
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savor of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence, and of death,
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long exper'ance have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command, I venture down,
Securely, to the grave.

8 When I lie bury'd deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. *First part.* Long metre.

The Kingdom of Christ.

GREAT God! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands:
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he'll vindicate the just.
And tread oppressors in the dust?
His worship and his fear shall last
'Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his infl'ence down:
His grace on fainting souls distills,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills,

5 The *Heathen* lands which lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading earth,
Revive, at his first-dawning light,
And desarts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise:
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. *Second Part*. Long metre.

Chrift's *Kingdom among the* Gentiles.

JESUS fhall reign where e'er the Sun
Does his fucceffive journies run;
His kingdom ftretch'd from fhore to fhore,
'Till moons fhall wax and wane no more.

[2 Behold! the iflands, with their kings,
And *Europe* her beft tribute brings:
From *North* to *South*, the princes meet
To pay their homage at His feet.

3 There, *Perfia*, glorious to behold,
There, *India* fhines in *Eaftern* gold;
And barb'rous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For this fhall endlefs pray'r be made,
And praifes throng to crown his head;
His name, like fweet perfume, fhall rife
With ev'ry morning facrifice.

5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with fweeteft fong:
And infant voices fhall proclaim,
Their early bleffings on his name.

6 Bleffings abound where e'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to loofe his chains;
The weary find eternal reft,
And all the fons of want are bleft.

[7 Where he difplays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curfe are known no more;
In him the tribes of *Adam* boaft
More bleffings than their father loft.

8 Let ev'ry creature rife and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels defcend with fongs again,
And earth repeat the long *Amen*.]

PSALM LXXIII. *First part.* Com. metre.

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners curs'd.

NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath;
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well fed flesh, and haughty eyes,
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heav'ns their slanders rise;
"While saints in silence, weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain;
"For I am chasten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."

5 Yet, while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
"And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard;
The conflict too severe;
'Till I retir'd to search thy word.
And learn the secret there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner's feet,
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,
Above a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
'Till, at thy frown, he fell;
His honors in a dream were lost,
And he awoke in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!

Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.

10 Yet I was kept from fell despair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown:
That blessed hand which broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. *Second part.* Com. metre.

God, our portion here and hereafter.

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help forever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness!
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n, without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's Eternal Rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

5 Behold! the sinners who remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them, when they cry.

6 But, to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. Long metre,

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I
To mourn and murmur, and repine,

To see the wicked, plac'd on high,
In pride, and robes of honor shine!

2 But Oh! their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so:
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below!

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise!
I'll never envy them again:
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God!

PSALM LXXIII. Short metre

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honor shine.

[3 Pamper'd with wanton ease
Their flesh looks full and fair;
Their wealth rolls in, like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
Which pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their imp'ous tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malace blasts the good man's name
And spreads its lies abroad.

6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God who sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"

7 The tumults of my thoughts
Held me in hard suspense,
'Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word, with light and pow'r
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinner's life before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And Oh! that dreadful firy deep
Which waits their fall below!

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my pow'rs are thine.

PSALM LXXIV.

The Church, pleading with God, under sore persecution.

WILL God forever cast us off?
His wrath forever smoke
Against the people of his love
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;

See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls!

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their pow'r.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear thy buildings down;
And he who deals the heav'est stroke,
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy,
Thy children in their nest;
Come, let us burn at once (they cry)
The temple and the priest.

7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the Seers mourn;
There's not a soul among us knows
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, Eternal God, how long,
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame.

10 Canst thou forever sit and hear
Thine holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand?

11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shewn
In ages long before?
And, now, no other God we own;
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea,
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine?
The darkness and the day?
Didst not thou bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's froast,
In their perpet'al rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That Sacred Pow'r blaspheme?
Will not thy hand which form'd them first
Avenge thy injur'd name?

16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM LXXV.

Power and government from God alone.
Applied to the glorious revolution in *America*,
July 4th, 1776.

TO thee, Most Holy, and Most High,
To thee we bring our thankful praise:
Thy works declare thy hand is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 *America* was doom'd a slave,
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;
When God a righteous Council gave,
To bear the pillars of the State.

3 They from Thy pow'r receiv'd their own,
And sware to rule by wholesome laws;
Thy foot shall tread oppressors down,
Thy arm defend the righteous cause.

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head:
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the Pow'rs which God hath made.

5 Such honors never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God, who lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall chain us to a tyrant's throne;
God, the Great Sov'reign of the earth,
Shall crush usurpers with his frown.

[7 His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance, mix'd with var'ous plagues,
And makes the wicked drink them up,
Wring out, and taste the bitter dregs.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And, while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed; or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his Church.

IN *Judah* God of old was known;
His name in *Isr'el* great;
In *Salem* stood his holy throne,
And *Zion* was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints,
Against their haughty foes.

3 From *Zion* went his dreadful word
And broke the threat'ning ſpear,
The bow, the arrows and the ſword,
And cruſh'd th *Aſſyr'an* war.

4 What are the earths wide kingdoms elſe
But mighty hills of prey?
The hill on which JEHOVAH dwells
Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas, *Zion's* king who ſtopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands:
The men of might ſlept faſt in death,
And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O *Jacob's* God,
Both horſe and char'ot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What pow'r can ſtand before thy ſight
When once thy wrath appears?
Then heav'n ſhines round with dreadful light;
While earth lies ſtill and fears.

8 When God, in his own ſov'reign ways,
Comes down to ſave th' oppreſt,
The wrath of man ſhall work his praiſe,
And he'll reſtrain the reſt.

[9 Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
Ye princes, fear his frown:
His terror ſhakes the proudeſt king,
And cuts an army down.

10 The thunder of his ſharp rebuke
Our haughty foes ſhall feel:
For *Jacob's* God hath not forſook,
But dwells in *Zion* ſtill.]

PSALM LXXVII. *First part.*

Melancholy aſſaulting, and Hope prevailing.

TO GOD I cry'd with mournful voice;
I ſought his gracious ear,

In the sad day, when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still opprest,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept mine eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew
'Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
When I beheld thy face;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes
Which might withold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind
Which I enjoy'd before:
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7 Will he forever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has He forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all my ways;
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could help no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne,
And men who love thy word

Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Second part.*

Comfort derived from ancient providences; or, Israel *delivered from* Egypt, *and brought to Canaan.*

"HOW awful is thy chast'ning rod!"
(May thy own children say)
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God,
"How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old:
The king who reigns above,
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of *Joseph* lie
With *Egypt's* yoke opprest;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old *Jacob* seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes:
But his Almighty Arm redeem'd
The nation which he chose.

5 *Isr'el*, his people and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, Mighty God!
The waters saw thee come!
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown!
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
Which brings thy mercy down.

[8 Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heav'n in light'ning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook,

9 Thine arrows through the sky were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And humbled saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe, by *Moses'* hand
Through a dry desart led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. *First part* Com. met.

Providences of God recorded; or, Pious education and instruction of Children.

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace:
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to their's,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn. in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works
But practise his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Second part.* Com. metre.

Israel's *rebellion and punishments; or, the sins and chastisements of God's people.*

O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was *Jacob's* ancient race!

False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes

3 They saw the plagues on *Egypt* light
From his revenging hand:
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd in safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night,

6 He from the rock their thirst suppli'd
The gushing waters fell;
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle!

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord Most High,
And dar'd distrust his hand;
Can he with bread our host supply,
Amidst this desart land?

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate His Name.

PSALM LXXVIII, *Third Part*. Com. metre.

The punishment of luxury and intemperance; or Chastisement and Salvation

WHEN *Isr'el* sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their hearts with dread,

O

Yet, he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heav'nly bread.

2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning show'r,
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels, meat.

4 But they, in murm'ring language, said,
"Manna is all our feast;
"We loath this light this airy bread;
"We must have flesh to taste."

5 "*Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,*"
The Lord, in wrath reply'd;
And sent them quails like sand or dust,
Heap'd up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire;
And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some where slain the rest return'd,
And sought the Lord with tears:
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd and still forgave,
'Till by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save,
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Fourth Part* Long metre.

Backsliding and forgiveness; or. Sin punished, and Saints saved

GREAT God! how oft did *Isr'el* prove
By turns, thine anger and thy love?

There in a glass our hearts may see
How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless *Jews* forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provoke him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their High Redeemer, and their God.

5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise
As flatt'ring words, or solemn lies;
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.

6 *Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive*
The men who not deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail;
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of *Abra'm* lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXX. Long metre.

The Church's prayer under affliction; or, The Vineyard of God wasted.

GREAT Sepherd of thine *Israel*;
Who did'st between the cherubs dwell
And led the tribes thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep,

2 Thy Church is in the desart now:
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to thee thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more!

3 Great God! whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray!
And wait, in vain thy kind return!
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and chearful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed!
Turn us to thee, Thy Love restore;
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more!

PAUSE I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thine hands,
A lovely vine in *Heathen* lands?
Did not thy pow'r defend it round
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot;
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now dear Lord look down and see
That mourning, vine that lovely tree!

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste!
Strangers and foes against her join;
And ev'ry beast devours the *vine.*

8 Return Almighty God return;
Nor let the *bleeding vineyard* mourn;
Turn us to thee; thy love restore;
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more!

PAUSE II.

9 Lord when this *vine* in *Canaan* grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too!
Attack'd, in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair BRANCH OF PROMISE rose,

10 FAIR BRANCH, ordain'd of old to shoot
From *David's* stock, from *Jacob's* root,
Himself *a noble vine*, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis THY OWN SON! and He shall stand
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand:
THY FIRST-BORN SON, adorn'd and blest
With pow'r and grace above the rest

12 Oh! for his His sake, attend our cry;
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more!

PSALM LXXXI.

The warnings of God to his People; or Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.

SING to the Lord aloud
And make a joyful noise:
God is our strength, our Saviour-God,
Let *Isr'el* hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry
"Preserve my worship clean;
"I am the Lord who sets thee free
"From slavery and sin.

3 "Strech thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
"But, if you will refuse your God,
"If *Isr'el* will rebel.

4 "I'll leave them, saith the Lord
"To their own lusts a prey,
"And let them run the dang'rous road;
"'Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet, Oh! that all my saints
"Would hearken to my voice!
"Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroy'd their foes,
"I'd richly feed my flock,
"And they should taste the stream which flows
"From their Eternal Rock."

PSALM LXXXII.

God the Supreme Governor; or Magistrates warned.

AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes his seat;
The GOD OF HEAV'N, as Judge, surveys
Those gods, on earth and all their ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause
When will you once defend the poor
That finers vex the saints no more!

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let Thy Son
Possess his Universal Throne,
And rule the nations, with his rod;
He is our judge, and he our God.

PSALM LXXXIII.

A complaint against Persecutors.

AND will the God of Grace
Perpet'al silence keep?
The God of Justice hold his peace
And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold! what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread!
The men who hate Thy saints and THEE
Lift up their threat'ning head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,

And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them, to destroy.

4 The noble and the base
Into thy pastures leap:
The lion and the stuped ass
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

5 "Come, let us join, they cry,
"To root them from the ground;
"Till not the name of saints remain,
"Nor mem'ry shall be found."

6 Almighty God awakes,
And calls his wrath to mind;
Gives them, like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek Thy name:
Or else, their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know
(That glor'ous dreadful word)
JEHOVAH is thy name, alone,
And thou the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV *First part.*

The pleasure of Public Worship.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my king! why should I be
So far from all my joys, and Thee?

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides a nest;

But, will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure, which his children want!

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy Throne of Majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to *Zion's* gate;
God is their strength: and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Chearful they walk with growing strength;
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Second part.* Long metre.

God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

GREAT God! attend, while *Zion* sings
The joy which from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee, on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy House, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our Sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield! he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;

He gives us all things and with-holds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King whose sov'reign sway,
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Paraphrased.*

Delight in Ordinances of Worship; or, God present in His Churches.

MY soul how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

2 There the Great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the Heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There Mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
Still we will seek thy mercy there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts and see
My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me like the the sparrow blest,
To dwell but where I love!

PSALM LXXXV. *First part* Long metre.

Waiting for an answer to prayer; or, Deliverance begun and completed.

LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind;
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom:
So God forgave, when *Isr'el* sinn'd
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And make thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now, let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth fulfil thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV, *Second part* Long metre.

Salvation by Christ.

SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford,

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n
By his obed'ence so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;

Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI.

A general song of praise to God.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations, Thou hast made, shall bring
Their off'rings round Thy Throne;
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my song
Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How, by thy grace, my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The Church the birth-place of the saints; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian Church.

GOD, in his earthly temple, lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of *Jacob* well,
But, still in *Zion* loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits ev'ry house
That pays its night and morning-vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders are of *Zion* told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

4 *Egypt* and *Tyre* and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join, to sing
The Hill where Living Waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives, in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

PSALM LXXXIX. *First part* Long. met.

The Covenant made with Christ; or, The true David.

FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and truth forever stand,
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus, to His Son, he sware, and said,
"With thee my cov'nant first is made:
"In thee shall dying sinners live:
"Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 "Be thou my Prophet, thou my priest;
"Thy children shall be ever blest:
"Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
"Shall stand eternal, like my own.

4 "There's none of all my sons above
"So much my image or my love;
"Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,
"Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 "*David*, my servant, whom I chose
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
"(And rais'd him to the *Jewish* throne)
"Was but a shadow of My Son."

6 Now let the Church rejoice and sing,
Jesus her Saviour, and her King!
Angels his heav'nly wonders show!
And saints declare his works below!

PSALM LXXXIX. *First part*, Com metre.

The faithfulness of God.

MY never ceasing songs shall show
 The mercies of the Lord,
And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
 Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
 Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of *David* held
 The promis'd *Jewish* throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
 To *David's* Greater Son.

4 This seed forever shall possess
 The throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
 Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of Hosts thy wond'rous ways
 Are sung by saints above,
And saints on earth their honors raise
 To thy unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Second part*. Com. metre.

The power and majesty of God; or, Reverential worship.

WITH rev'rence, let the saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
 And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
 How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r which vies with thee?
 Or truth compar'd to thine?

3 The *Northern* pole, and *Southern* rest
 On thy supporting hand;

4 *Egypt* and *Tyre* and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join, to sing
The Hill where Living Waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives, in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there.

PSALM LXXXIX. *First part* Long. met.
The Covenant made with Christ; or, The true David.

FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and truth forever stand,
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus, to His Son, he sware, and said,
" With thee my cov'nant first is made:
" In thee shall dying sinners live:
" Glory and grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my priest;
" Thy children shall be ever blest:
" Thou art my chosen King; thy throne
" Shall stand eternal, like my own.

4 " There's none of all my sons above
" So much my image or my love;
" Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are,
" Then what can earth to thee compare?

5 " *David*, my servant, whom I chose
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
" (And rais'd him to the *Jewish* throne)
" Was but a shadow of My Son."

6 Now let the Church rejoice and sing,
Jesus her Saviour, and her King!
Angels his heav'nly wonders show!
And saints declare his works below!

PSALM LXXXIX. *Firſt part.* Com. metre.

The faithfulneſs of God.

MY never ceaſing ſongs ſhall ſhow
  The mercies of the Lord;
And make ſucceeding ages know
  How faithful is his word.

2 The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
  Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And if he ſpeak a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

3 How long the race of *David* held
  The promis'd *Jewiſh* throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant ſeal'd
  To *David's* Greater Son.

4 This ſeed forever ſhall poſſeſs
  The throne above the ſkies;
The meaneſt ſubject of his grace
  Shall to that glory riſe.

5 Lord God of Hoſts thy wond'rous ways
  Are ſung by ſaints above,
And ſaints on earth their honors raiſe
  To thy unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Second part.* Com. metre.

The power and majeſty of God; or, Reverential worſhip.

WITH rev'rence, let the ſaints appear,
  And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
  And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
  How bright thine armies ſhine!
Where is the pow'r which vies with thee?
  Or truth compar'd to thine?

3 The *Northern* pole, and *Southern* reſt
  On thy ſupporting hand;

Darkneſs and day, from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*,
Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds controul,
And rule the boiſt'rous deep!
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows ſleep.

5 Heav'n earth and air and ſea are thine,
And the dark world of hell!
How did thine arm in vengeance ſhine
When *Egypt* durſt rebel!

6 Juſtice and judgment are thy throne;
Yet won'd'ious is thy grace;
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Third part.*
The bleſſed Goſpel.

BLEST are the ſouls who hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the paths they go,
And light their ſteps around.

2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives:
Iſr'el thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives!

PSALM LXXXIX. *Fourth Part* Com. metre.
Chriſt's mediatorial Kingdom: or, His Divine and Human nature.

HEAR what the Lord in viſion ſaid,
And made his mercy known:
"Sinners, behold! your help is laid
"On my Almigty Son."

2 Behold THE MAN my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race!
His head my holy oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my grace.

3 High shall he reign on *David's* throne,
My people's better King;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

4 My truth shall guard him in his ways,
With mercy by his side;
While in my name through earth and seas,
He shall in triumph ride.

5 Me for his Father and his God,
He shall forever own;
Call me his Rock, his High Abode,
And I'll support My Son.

6 My FIRST born SON array'd in grace,
At my right hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And Monarchs, at his feet.

7 My covenant stands forever fast;
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heav'ns His Throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Fifth part.* Com. metre.
The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, Affliction without Rejection.

YET (saith the Lord) if *David's* race,
The children of my Son,
Should break my laws abuse my grace,
And tempt my anger down.

2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart:
But I'll not cease to be their God;
Nor from my truth depart.

3 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my grace in mind;
And what Eternal Love hath spoke,
Eternal Truth shall bind.

4 Once have I sworn (I need no more)
And pledg'd my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure
To *David* and his race.

5 The Sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea:
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.

6 Sure as the moon which rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure;
Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
Shall be observ'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX, *Sixth part* Long met.

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

REMEMBER, Lord our mortal state.
How frail our life how short the date!
Where is the man who draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord while we see whole nations die.
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
" Must death forever rage and reign)
" Or hast thou mady mankind in vain?"

3 Where is thy promise to the just?
Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glor'ous hour, that dreadful day
Wipes the reproach of saints away,
And clears the honor of thy word!
Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. Last part.

Life, Death and the Resurrection.

THINK mighty God, on feeble man,
How few his hours! how short his span
Short from the cradle to the grave!
Who can secure his vital breath,
Against the bold demands of death;
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

2 Lord, shall it be forever said,
"The race of man was only made
"For sickness, sorrow and the dust?"
Are not thy servants day by day,
Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?
Lord where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed a heav'nly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
Forever blessed be the Lord!
That faith can read his Holy Word,
And find a resurrection there.

4 Forever blessed be the Lord!
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach and pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat aloud Amen.

PSALM XC. Long metre,

Man mortal; God, eternal.

A mournful song at a funeral.

THRORGH ev'ry age, Eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd e'er time began,
Or dust was fashion'd to a man;

And long thy kingdom shall endure
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man is born to die;
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence Lord was just,
Return, ye sinners to your dust.

4 [A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thine account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

5 Death like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream:
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour:

6 [Our age to sev'nty years is set:
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.

7 But Oh! how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread:
We fear that pow'r which strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us O Lord how frail is man!
And kindly lengthen out our span,
'Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM XC. *First Part.* Com. metre.
Man, frail. God, eternal.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Thy saints have dwelt secure;

Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
Return ye Sons of men;
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch which ends the night
Before the Rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by the flood,
And lost in foll'wing years.

7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring e'er 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come!
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. *Second part.*

Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin; or, Life, old age, and preparation for Death.

LORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,

Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night, shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
"Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
"I, who am form'd of feeble dust,
"Make thine Almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep me from the fowler's snare!
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls, a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
(From birds of prey which seek their blood)
Under her feathers; so, the Lord
Makes his Own Arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; His Wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Isr'el is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if *Isr'el's* God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd?
Thy God his chosen people saves
Among the dead, amidst the graves!

8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in *Egypt* known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of *Jacob* by.

9 But, if the fire, or plague or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints, among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire:
From sins and sorrow set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM XCI. *Second part.* Common metre.

Protection from Death, guard of Angels, Victory and Deliverance.

YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare;
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,
And try, and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell:
Or, if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways,
To watch your pillow, while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at His call,
And sent t' attend His sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat;
He who hath broke the serpents head,
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them (saith the Lord)
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction, and the sword.

7 "My Grace shall answer, when they call;
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My pow'r shall help them, when they fall;
"And raise them, when they die.

8 "Those who on earth my name have known
"I'll honor them in heav'n,
"There my salvation shall be shown,
"And endless life be giv'n."

PSALM XCII. *First part.* Long metre.

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

SWEET is the work my God, my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night!

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like *David's* harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his Word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live! like brutes they die!
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death!

5 But I shall share a glor'ous part.
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worst enemy before).
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd, or wish'd below:
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy

PSALM XCII. *Second part.* Long metre.

The Church is the Garden of God.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand:
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young *Cedar*, fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints, in faith and love,
Blest with thy influence from above;
Not *Lebanon*, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live:
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
Time, which doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy just and true:
None, who attend His gates, shall find
A God unfaithful, or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. Long metre.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

JEHOVAH reigns! he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But, e'er this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy Throne eternal ages stood;
Thy Self, the Ever-Living God.

3 Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, which aim their rage so high;
At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall Thy Throne endure:
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. 2d Metre.

THE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high;
His robes of state are Strength and Majesty!
This wide creation rose at his command;
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne, e'er he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' Eternal King: Thy foes, in vain,
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild commotion,
But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more! ye floods, be still!
And the mad world submissive to his will:
Built on his truth, his Church must ever stand:
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
See! his own sons, when they appear before him
Bow at his foot-stool, and, with fear, adore him!

PSALM XCIII. 3d Metre.

THE LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
And royal state maintains.
His head with awful glories crown'd:
Array'd in robes of light;
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high,
Before the starry sky:
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord!

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;

In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash, like waves, against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'rs engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down:
Thy throne forever stands on high!

5 Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new:
There fix'd, Thy Church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints, with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

PSALM XCIV. *First part.*

Saints chastized, and Sinners destroyed; or, Instructive Afflictions.

THE God, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaims his wrath aloud;
His sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs;
His justice smites the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears!"
When will the fools be wise?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their imp'ous thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his pow'r:
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,
In some surprising hour.

4 But, when thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy Providences, and Thy Book,
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;

Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.

6 But, God will ne'er cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance,
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM XCIV. *Second part.*

God, our Support and Comfort; or, Deliverance from Temptation and Persecution.

WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes.
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my Rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.

3 *Alas, my sliding feet!* I cry'd,
Thy promise was my prop:
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults:
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But, God, my Refuge, rules the skies;
He will defend my cause

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud;
Let bold blasphemers scoff:
The Lord, our God, will judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice;
When his ſalvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks, approach his awful ſeat,
And pſalms of honor ſing;
The Lord's a God of boundleſs might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know
How mean their natures ſeem:
Thoſe gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns, dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

5 Come, and with humble ſouls adore;
Come, kneel before his face:
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time! he bends his ear;
And waits for your requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouze his wrath and ſwear
"Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt."

PSALM XCV. Short metre.

A Pſalm before Sermon.

COME, ſound his praiſe abroad;
And hymns of glory ſing;
Jehovah is the ſov'reign God,
The Univerſal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the ſeas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own:
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice;
Nor dare provoke his rod:
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn *Jews*;
That unbelieving race.

6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand, and swear,
"You who despise my promis'd rest,
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. Long metre.

Canaan lost through Unbelief; or, A warning to delaying Sinners.

COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song, of solemn praise:
God is a sov'reign King; rehearse
His honors, in exalted verse.

2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our Shepherd; we, the sheep
His mercy choose, his pastures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his voice, to day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues which *Isr'el* knew.

4 *Isr'el*, who saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood.
That tir'd the patience of their God.

5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove!
"Forget my pow'r abuse my love;
"Since they despise my rest I swear,
"Their feet shall never enter there."

6 [Look back my soul with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead!
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to *Zion's* heav'nly gates;
Believe and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.]

PSALM XCVI. Com. Metre.

Christ's *first and second Coming.*

SING to the Lord ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns?
God's own Almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking worlds sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The Islands of the sea;
Ye mountains sink; ye vallies rise;
Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes! He comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near,

How will the guilty nations dread
  To see their Judge appear.

PSALM XCVI.

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raise
  To sing the choicest psalm of praise
  To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
  And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory Lord;
The wond'ring nations read thy word:
  These deserts have Jehovah known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
  Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high;
  And reigns complete in glory, there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright;
  His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glor'ous hour?
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
  And barb'rous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness;
  And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. *First Part.* Long metre.

Christ reigning in Heaven and coming to Judgment.

HE reigns; the Lord the Saviour reigns.
  Praise him in evangelic strains;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his councils and unknown;
But, grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! He comes;
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs:
Before him burns devouring fire;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Flee from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing; for your redemption's nigh!

PSALM XCVII. *Second part.* Long metre.

Christ's incarnation.

THE Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of *Eastern* sages, to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

3 Let Idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,
And earth confess her Sov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. *Third part.* Long metre.

Grace and glory.

TH' Almighty reigns! exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky:
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
2 O ye who love His Holy Name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:

He guards the souls of all his Friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glor'ous seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice ye righteous and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the souls that feel His grace
Can triumph in his Holiness.

PSALM XCVII. Common metre.

Christ's *Incarnation and the last Judgment*

YE islands of the *Northern* sea,
Rejoice the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim:
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels, at his birth,
Made the Redeemer known:
Thus shall He come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire:
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world on fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints, in darkness here
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM XCVIII. *First part.* Com. metre.

Praise for the Gospel.

TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addreſt :
His great ſalvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the nations bleſt.

2 He ſpake the word to *Abra'm* firſt,
His truth fulfils his grace ;
The *Gentiles* make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And ſpread the honors of his name
In melody and ſongs.

PSALM XCVIII. *Second part* Com. metre.

The Meſſiah's *Coming and Kingdom.*

JOY to the world the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King :
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And Heav'n and Nature ſing.

2 Joy to the earth the Saviour reigns !
Let men their ſongs employ ;
While fields and floods rocks hills and plains,
Repeat the ſounding joy.

3 No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground ;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow
Far as the curſe is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. *First Part.* Short metre.

Christ's *Kingdom and Majesty.*

THE God Jehovah reigns!
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his Throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In *Zion* is His Throne;
His honors are divine;
His Church shall make his wonders known;
For there his glories shine!

4 How holy is his Name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth and judgments join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM XCIX. *Second part.* Short metre.

A Holy God worshipped with Reverence.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When *Isr'el* was his church,
When *Aaron* was his priest,
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C. Long metre.

A plain translation.

Praise to our Creator.

YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord your Sov'reign King!
Serve him with chearful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God, 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath, and being give;
We are his works and not our own;
The sheep which on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thankful honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Long metre. *A Paraphrase.*

SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
America shall send the noise
Across the ocean to the shore.

2 Nations attend before his Throne
With solemn fear with sacred joy!
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy!

3 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are his people we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

5 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the Heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise !

Wide as the world is thy command !
Vast, as eternity thy Love !
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move !

PSALM CI. Long metre.

The Magistrates' Psalm.

MERCY and judgments are my song !
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword ;
I'll take my counsels from thy word ;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside :
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life ;
The haughty look the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll search the land and raise the just
To posts of honor wealth and trust :
The men who work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies :
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.

7 The impious crew that factious band,
Shall hide their heads or quit the land ;

And all who break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r shall be supprest.

PSALM CI. Common Metre.

A psalm for a Master of a Family.

OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows;
Let grace and justice heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God repair,
And make thy servant wise;
To suffer nothing near me there,
Which shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man who doth his neighbor wrong,
By falshood or by force,
The scornful eye the fland'rous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy:
These are the friends whom I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch who deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night:
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee

PSALM CII. *First part.* Com. metre

A Prayer of the Afflicted,

HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke,
Dissolving in the air;

My strength is dry'd my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag, like with'ring grass,
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy, and hope,
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts, of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasent to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls who feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high;
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My locks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,
Which vanish into night.

10 But Thou forever art the same,
O my Eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy Name,
And spread Thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise and shew thy Face,
Nor will my Lord delay,

Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long-expected day.

11 He hears his saints, he knows their cry;
And by myster'ous ways,
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM CII. *Second part.* Com. metre.
Prayer heard and Zion restored.

LET *Zion* and her Sons rejoice;
Behold the promis'd hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t'exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins which remain,
Are precious in our eyes:
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise *Jerusalem*,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a Sov'reign on his Throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death;
And when his saints complain,
It shan't be said "that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust and praise the Lord.

PSALM CII. *Third part.* Long metre.
Man's mortality and Christ's Eternity; or, Saints die, but Christ and the Church, live.

IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;

Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord ! aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at noon :
Thy years are one *Eternal day* !
And must thy children die so soon ?

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow will assuage :
" Our Father and our Saviour live ;
" Christ is the same through ev'ry age."

4 'Twas He this earth's foundations laid ;
Heav'n is the building of his hand ;
This earth grows old these heav'ns shall fade,
And all be chang'd at thy command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside :
But still Thy Throne stands firm and high ;
Thy Church forever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign :
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

PSALM CIII. *First Part.* Long metre.
Blessing God, for his goodness to Soul and Body.

BLESS, O my soul ! the living God ;
Call home thy thoughts which rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join,
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul ! the God of grace,
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot ?

3 'Tis he, my soul who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains which Nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs ;
His mercy crowns our growing years :
He satisfies our mouths with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6 He sees th' oppressors and th' oppreſt,
And often gives the suff'rers rest :
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His pow'r he shew'd by *Moses* hands,
And gave to *Isr'el* his commands ;
But sent His Truth and Mercy down
To all the nations, by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The *Gentile*, with the *Jew*, shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

PSALM CIII. *Second Part*. Long metre.

God's gentle chastisement ; or His tender mercy to His People.

THE Lord how wond'rous are his ways ;
How firm his truth ; how large his grace
He takes his mercy for his throne.
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath Nature plac'd
The rising morning from the *West*,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How ſlowly doth his wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter wing ſalvation flies:
And, if he lets his anger burn,
How ſoon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidſt his wrath compaſſion ſhines;
His ſtrokes are lighter than our ſins;
And while his rod corrects his ſaints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young ſons chaſtiſe
With gentle hands and melting eyes:
The children weep beneath the ſmart;
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The Mighty God the Wiſe and Juſt,
Knows that our frame is feeble duſt;
And will no heavy loads impoſe
Beyond the ſtrength which he beſtows.

8 He knows how ſoon our nature dies,
Blaſted by ev'ry wind that flies:
Like graſs we ſpring, and die as ſoon,
As morning flow'rs which fade at noon.

9 But His Eternal Love is ſure
To all the ſaints and ſhall endure;
From age to age his Truth ſhall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. *Firſt part.* Short metre.

Praiſe for Spiritual and Temporal mercies.

O BLESS the Lord, my ſoul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongues to bleſs his name,
Whoſe favors are divine.

2 O bleſs the Lord, my ſoul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten, in unthankfulneſs,
And without praiſes die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins;
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love.
When ransom'd from the grave;
He who redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath Sov'reign Pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'rers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' opprest.

6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by *Moses* known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. *Second part.*

Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the midst of Judgment.

MY soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the *East* is from the *West*,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such, as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning-flow'r;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. *Third part.*

God's *Universal Dominion; or Angels praise the* Lord.

THE Lord, the Sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord whose voice you hear.
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wond'rous works
Through his vast kingdom shew
Their Makers glory thou my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The Glory of God *in Creation and Providence.*

MY soul, thy Great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

Note, *This psalm may be sung to* St. Helen's *tune by adding the following lines to each stanza, viz.*

Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame
An equal honor to his name?

(*Otherwise it may be sung to any* Long metre *tune.*)

2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his char'ot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels (whom his own breath inspires)
His ministers are flaming fires;
And, swift as thought, their armies move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

4 The world's foundations, by his hand,
Are pois'd, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain
Lest it should drown the world again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet, thence convey'd by secret veins,
They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the chrystal fountains flow;
And cheer the vallies as they go:
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream, wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees, which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE. I.

9 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies:
With herbs for man, of var'ous pow'r,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.

12 O bless his name ye nations fed
With nature's chief supporter bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold! the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot,
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the Sun his circling race,
Appoints the Moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;

But, when the morning-beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labor goes:
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And ev'ry land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish, in millions, swim and creep,
With wond'rous motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

20 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge Levithan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE. III.

21 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy Hand

22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise, in diff'rent forms

23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn;
And dying, to their dust return:
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath and spirit, all are thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on earth again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of Time and Death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honor'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glor'ous ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26 The earth ftands trembling at thy ftroke,
And, at thy touch, the mountains fmoke;
Yet humble fouls may fee thy face,
And tell their wants to Sov'reign Grace.

27 In Thee my hopes and wifhes meet,
And make my meditations fweet:
Thy praifes fhall my breath employ,
Till it expires in endlefs joy.

28 While haughty finners die accurft,
Their glory bury'd with their duft,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs fing.

PSALM CV. Abridged.

God's *Conduct to* Ifrael *and the Plagues of* Egypt.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace:
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may feek his face.

2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages paft,
To num'rous ages yet behind,
In equal force fhall laft.

3 He fware to *Abr'am* and his feed,
And made the bleffing fure;
Gentiles the ancient promife read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy feed fhall make all nations bleft,
(Said the Almighty Voice)
"And *Canaan's* land fhall be their reft,
"The type of heav'nly joys."

5 How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them *Canaan's* land,

When they were strangers in the place.
A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims, through the countries round
Securely they remov'd,
And haughty kings who on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch Mine Anointed, and My Arm
"Shall soon revenge the wrong;
"The man who does my prophets harm,
"Shall know their God is strong."

8 *Then let the world forbear its rage,*
Nor put the Church in fear:
We must live through ev'ry age.
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE I.

9 When *Pharaoh* dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God:
Moses was sent at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10 He call'd for darkness; darkness came,
Like an o'er whelming flood;
He turn'd each lake, and ev'ry stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread;
And frogs, in croaking armies rise
About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields and towns, and palaces,
The ten-fold vengeance flew;
Locusts, in swarms, devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle slew:

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
The flow'r of *Egypt* dy'd:
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14 *Now let the world forbear its rage,*
Nor put the Church in fear:

Isr'el *must live through ev'ry age,*
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought
And left the hated ground;
Each some *Egyptian* spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right;
Gave them a leading-cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow,
And foll'wing still the course they took,
Ran all the desart through.

18 O wond'rous Stream! O blessed Type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand,
The chosen tribes possest
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land;
And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 *Then let the world forbear its rage,*
The Church renounce her fear:
Isr'el *must live through ev'ry age,*
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM CVI. *First part.* Long metre.

Praise to God; or, *Communion with Saints.*

TO God the Great, the Ever Blest,
Let songs of honor be addrest;
His mercy firm forever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of Thy ways!
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?

Bleſt are the ſouls who fear thee ſtill,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For *Jacob's* race, thy choſen ſeed:
And, with the ſame ſalvation, bleſs
The meaneſt ſuppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I ſee thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy ſaints, and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. *Second part.*

Iſrael *Puniſhed and Pardoned*; or, God's *Unchangeable Love.*

GOD of Eternal Love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet, how oft did *Iſr'el* prove
Thy conſtancy of grace?

2 They ſaw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their luſts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet, when they mourn'd their faults,
He harken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his ſons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He ſav'd them from their foes:
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The people whom he choſe.

6 Let *Iſr'el* bleſs the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race:

And *Christians* join the solemn word,
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM CVII. *First part.* Long metre.

Israel *led to* Canaan, *and* Christians *to Heaven*.

GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts his name is Love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Isr'el, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

[3 When God's Almighty Arm had broke
Their fetters, and th' *Egyptian* yoke,
They trac'd the desart, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground!

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage]

5 In their distress to God they cry'd;
God was their Saviour and their guide:
He led their march far wand'ring round:
'Twas the right path to *Canaan's* ground,

6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and satan's chain,
We have this desart world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way;
He guides our footsteps, lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. *Second part.*

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

FROM age to age exalt his Name;
God and his grace are still the same:
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God who rules the skies;
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer shall be found:
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness, and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes their dawning light arise,
And scatters all the dismal shade
Which hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief;
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise,

PSALM CVII. *Third part.*

Intemperance Punished and Pardoned; or, A Psalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.

VAIN man on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste:
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
'Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans and loathes to eat;
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads opprest,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frighted sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans prolongs their breath
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No med'cine could effect the cure
So quick so easy or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord,
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* **Long metre.**

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or the Seaman's song.

WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad
Go with the mariners and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
'Till God commands and tempests rise,
Which heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain;
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel!

4 When land is far and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope to God they cry:
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath aſſuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm; and ſailors ſmile to ſee
The haven where they wiſh'd to be,

6 O may the ſons of men record
The wond'rous goodneſs of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the Church His Glory ſing.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part* Com. metre.

The Mariner's Pſalm.

THY works of glory mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deep,
The ſons of courage ſhall record;
Where rolling oceans ſleep.

2 At thy command the winds ariſe,
And ſwell the tow'ring waves:
The men aſtoniſh'd mount the ſkies,
And ſink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the watry hills,
And plunge in deeps again:
Each, like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempeſt roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath:
And, hopeleſs of the diſtant ſhore,
Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raiſe their cries;
He hears the loud requeſt:
And orders ſilence through the ſkies.
And lays the floods to reſt.

6 Sailors rejoice to looſe their fears,
And ſee the ſtorm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears,
There let their vows be paid

7 'Tis God who brings them ſafe to land;
Let ſtupid mortals know,

That waves are under his command,
And all the winds which blow.

8 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those who see thy wond'rous ways
Thy wond'rous love record!

PSALM CVII. *Last part.* Long metre.

Colonies Planted; or Nations Blest and Punished.

A Psalm for *New-England.*

WHEN God provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green;
Send show'ry blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desarts rise.

[3 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey.
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' opprest and poor, repair
And build them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields and trees they plant,
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks.
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their children die by barb'rous hands.

6 Their captive sons expos'd to scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn:
The country lies unfenc'd untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet, if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;

Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids their dying churches live.]

8 The righteous, with a joyful ſenſe,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheiſts ſhall no more,
Blaſpheme the God whom ſaints adore.

9 How few, with pious care, record
The wond'rous dealings of the Lord!
But, wiſe obſervers ſtill ſhall find,
The Lord is holy, juſt and kind.

PSALM CIX. Common metre.

Love to Enemies, from the Example of Chriſt.

GOD of my mercy and my praiſe,
Thy glory is my ſong;
Though ſinners ſpeak againſt thy grace
With a blaſpheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel ſlanders, falſe and vain
They compaſs'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compaſſion move;
Their peace he ſtill purſu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd, without a cauſe;
He, with his dying breath,
Pray'd for his murd'rers on the croſs,
And bleſt his foes in death.

5 Lord ſhall thy bright example ſhine
In vain before my eyes;
Give me a ſoul a-kin to thine,
To love my enemies!

6 The Lord ſhall on my ſide engage,
And in my Saviour's name;
I ſhall defeat their pride and rage
Who ſlander and condemn.

PSALM CX. *First Part.* Long metre.

Christ exalted, and multitudes converted; or, The Success of the Gospel.

THUS the Eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son; "Ascend and sit
"At my right-hand, 'till I shall make
"Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From *Zion* shall thy Word proceed,
"Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing minds,
"And sinners crow'd thy temple-gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O Blessed Pow'r! O glor'ous day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM CX. *Second part.* Long metre.

The Kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

THUS the Great Lord of earth and sea
Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"And change from hand to hand no more.

2 "*Aaron* and all his sons must die:
"But everlasting life is Thine,
"To save forever those who fly
"For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 "By Me *Melchizedeck* was made
"On earth a king and priest at once;
"And thou, my heav'nly Priest, shalt plead:
"And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons,"

4 *Jesus* the Priest, ascends his throne,
While counsels of eternal peace

Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honor and succefs.

5 Through the whole earth his reign fhall fpread,
And crufh the pow'rs which dare rebel:
Then fhall he judge the rifing dead,
And fend the guilty world to hell.

6 Though while he treads his glor'ous way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The fuff'rings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM CX. Common metre.

Chrift's Kingdom and Priefthood.

JESUS, our Lord, afcend thy throne,
And near thy Father fit;
In *Zion* fhall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes fubmit.

2 What wonders fhall thy gofpel do!
Thy converts fhall furpafs
The num'rous drops of morning-dew,
And own thy Sov'reign Grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he fwore;
" Eternal fhall Thy Priefthood be
" When *Aaron* is no more.

4 " *Melchizedeck*, that wond'rous prieft;
" That King of high degree;
" That holy man, who *Abr'am* bleft,
" Was but a type of thee.

5 Jefus our Prieft forever lives
To plead for us above;
Jefus our King forever gives
The bleffings of his love.

6 God fhall exalt his glor'ous head,
And his high throne maintain,

Shall ſtrike the pow'rs and princes dead
Who dare oppoſe his reign.

PSALM CXI. *First Part*. Com. metre.

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

SONGS of immortal praiſe belong
To my Almighty God.
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To ſpread his name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought:
How glor'ous in our ſight!
Good men in ev'ry age have ſought
His wonders with delight.

3 How moſt exact is Nature's frame!
How wiſe th' Eternal Mind!
His counſels never change the ſcheme
Which his firſt thoughts deſign'd.

4 When he redeem'd his choſen ſons,
He fix'd his cov'nant ſure:
The orders which his lips pronounce,
To endleſs years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and ſkies,
Thy heav'nly ſkill proclaim:
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read Thy Name?

6 To fear thy pow'r, to truſt thy grace,
Is our divineſt ſkill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our race
Who beſt obeys thy will.

PSALM CXI. *Second part*. Com. metre.

The perfections of God

GREAT is the Lord: his works of might
Demand our nobleſt ſongs;
Let his aſſembled ſaints unite,
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord:
He gives his children food;
And, evermindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the Great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is His Name,
His ways are just and pure.

Those who would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge, lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXII. Particular metre.

The blessings of the liberal man.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crown'd.

2 His lib'ral favors he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends:
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves, by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd,
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives, and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threatning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light

Shines brighteſt in affliction's night,
And ſees, in darkneſs, beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe
The heart which fix'd on God relies,
Thouh waves and tempeſts roar around:
Safe on the rock he ſits, and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations croſt;
They and their envy, pride and ſpite,
Sink down to everlaſting night,
And all their names in darkneſs loſt.]

PSALM CXII. Long metre.

The Bleſſings of the Pious and Charitable.

THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and truſts his word:
Honor and peace his days attend,
And bleſſings to his ſeed deſcend.

2 Compaſſion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd,
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread
Which fill his neighbors round with dread,
His heart is arm'd againſt the fear,
For God, with all his pow'r, is there.

4 His ſoul well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidſt the darkneſs, light ſhall riſe,
To cheer his heart and bleſs his eyes.

5 He hath diſpers'd his alms abroad,
His works are ſtill before his God!

His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common metre.

Liberality rewarded.

HAPPY is he who fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well establish'd mind;
His soul to God, his Refuge, flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love,
Remain before the Lord;
Honor on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM CXIII. Particular metre.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

YE who delight to serve the Lord,
The honors of his name record;
His Sacred Name forever bless!
Where e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2 Not time nor nature's narrow round
Can give his vast dominions bounds:
The heav'ns are far below his heigh

Let no created greatneſs dare
With our eternal God compare.
Arm'd with his Uncreated might.

3 He bows his glor'ous head to view
What the bright hoſts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things:
His ſov'reign hand exalts the poor;
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

4 When childleſs families deſpair,
He ſends the bleſſing of an heir,
To reſcue their expiring name;
The mother with a thankful voice
Proclaims his praiſes and her joys;
Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long metre.

God, Sovereign and Gracious.

YE ſervants of th' Almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praiſes ſing:
Where e'er the ſun ſhall riſe or ſet,
The nations ſhall his praiſe repeat,

2 Above the earth, beyond the ſky,
Stand His High Throne of majeſty;
Nor time, nor place his pow'r reſtrain,
Nor bounds his univerſal reign.

3 Which of the ſons of *Adam* dare,
Or angels, with their God compare!
His glories, how divinely bright,
Who dwells in Uncreated Light!

4 Behold his love! he ſtoops to view
What ſaints above and angels do;
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From duſt and cottages obſcure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;

Gives them the honor of his sons,
And fits them for his heav'nly thrones.

[6 A word of His creating voice
Can make the barren house rejoice:
Though *Sarah's* ninety years were past,
The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong, when sense despairs;
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM CXIV. Long metre.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

WHEN *Isr'el*, freed from *Pharaoh's* hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes, with cheerful homage, own
Their King; and *Judah* was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled,
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frighted sheep;
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not *Sinai* on her base could stand.
Conscious of Sov'reign Pow'r at hand.

4 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright which *Sinai* feels?

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of *Isr'el!* see him here!
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear!

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM CXV. Long metre.

The true God our Refuge; or, Idolatry reproved.

NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due!
Eternal God! thou only just!
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name:
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame,
Say, *Where's the God you've serv'd so long?*

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
Above the clouds beyond the skies;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden god!

[5 With eyes and ears they carve their head
Deaf are their ears their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save, when mortals pray,
Mortals who pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O *Is'rel*, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge and thy Rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise;
They dwell in silence in the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'rs to save.

PSALM CXV. Particular Metre.

Popish Idolatry reproved.

NOT to our names, Thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
Immortal honors to thy Sov'reign Name.
Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathens say *And where's your God?*

2 Heav'n is thine higher court: there stands thy (throne;
And through the lower worlds thy will is done;
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he (spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

[3 Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move;
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r nor (love;
Yet foolish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold,
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould;
With tools of iron, carve the senseless stock
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.

5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'tis hard to say,
Which is more stupid, or their gods, or they:
O *Isr'el*, trust the Lord! he hears and sees;
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
His worship does a thousand comforts yield;
He is thy help, and He thine heav'nly shield.

6 *Columbia*, trust the Lord; thy foes, in vain,
Attempt thy ruin, and enforce their reign;

Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise;
But we are sav'd, and live; let songs arise,
Columbia, bless the God who built the skies.

PSALM CXVI. *First part.*

Recovery from Sickness.

I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitty'd ev'ry groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave;
"Thy pow'r is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest;
He bid my pains remove:
Return, my soul to God, thy Rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
And dry'd my falling tears:
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. *Second part.*

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or, Public thanks for Private Deliverance.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the ſaints who fill thine houſe
My off'rings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou Ever-Bleſſed God!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move;
Thy hand hath looſ'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Hear in Thy Courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs ye ſaints who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all Nations.

O ALL ye nations, praiſe the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.

2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad:
For ever firm his truth ſhall ſtand;
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

FROM all who dwell below the ſkies
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's Name be ſung
Through ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short metre.

THY name Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace and sure thy word :
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread.
And long thy praise endure ;
'Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. First part.

Deliverance from a Tumult.

THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heav'n affords its aid.

2 'Tis safer Lord to hope in thee,
And have my God my Friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 Like bees my foes beset me round
A large and angry swarm ;
But I shall all their rage confound,
By thine Almighty Arm.

4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong ;
In him my lips rejoice ;
While his salvation is my song,
How chearful is my voice !

5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly :
So burning thorns with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.

6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their ways:
Let *Isr'el* tune immortal songs
To his Almighty Grace.

PSALM CXVIII. *Second Part.*

Public Praise for Deliverance from Death.

LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live; (and none can die,
If God resolve to save)

2 Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand which hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death

3 Open the gates of *Zion* now,
For we shall worship there;
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM CXVIII. *Third Part.* Com. metre.

Christ the Foundation of the Church.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-Stone
Which God in *Zion* lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore his name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;

Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood!
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. *Fourth Part.* Com. metre

Hosanna; the Lord's day; or Christ's Resurrection, and our Salvation.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice let earth be glad,
And praise surround thy throne.

2 To day he rose and left the dead;
And satan's empire fell;
To day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 *Hosanna* to th' anointed King,
To *David's* holy Son:
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 *Hosanna* in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise:
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM CXVIII. Short metre.

An Hosanna for the Lord's-day; or, A new song of Salvation by Christ.

SEE what a Living Stone
The builders did refuse!

Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of env'ous *Jews*.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son:
Yet on this Rock shall *Zion* rest.
As the chief corner stone.

3 The work O Lord is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes;
This day declares it All-Divine,
This day did Jesus rise!

4 This is the glor'ous day
Which our redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray;
Let all the church be glad.

5 *Hosanna* to the King
Of *David's* royal blood:
Bless him ye saints he comes to bring
Salvation from your God,

6 We bless thine holy word
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrafice of praise.

PSALM. CXVIII. Long metre

An Hosanna for the Lord's-day; or, A new Song of Salvation by Christ.

LO, what a glor'ous Corner-Stone
The *Jewish* builders did refuse!
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day which proves it thine,
The day which saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest!

A thousand honors on his head,
With peace and light and glory rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

PSALM CXIX.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a Divine Song *upon each of them; but the verses are too much transposed to attain any degree of connection.*

In some places among the words, law, commands, judgments, testimonies, *I have used,* gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, *&c as more agreeable to the New-Testament and the common language of Christians; and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.*

PSALM CXIX. *First Part.*

Blessedness of Saints and the Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1 2, 3.

BLEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honor all thy name,

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falshood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver 199, 155.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those who leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM CXIX. *Second Part.*

Secret Devotions and Spiritual Meditations; or, constant Converse with God.

Ver 147, 55.

TO Thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up!
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

3 Sev'n times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee:
Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. *Third Part.*

Professions of Sincerity Repentance and Obedience.

Ver, 57, 60.

THOU art my portion, O my God;
 Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
 And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
 And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before my eyes;
Thence I deriv'd my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy paths,
 I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands
 And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114,

5 Now I am thine for ever thine;
 O save thy servant Lord!
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-Place;
 My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
 Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, 'till mortal life shall end,
 Would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourth part.*

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver, 9.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

When once it enters to the mind
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find,
And raiſe their thoughts to God,

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the Sun a heav'nly light,
Which guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 94, 100.

4 The men who keep thy law with care.
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiſer than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wiſe;
I hate the ſinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts which riſe,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

[6 The ſtarry heav'ns thy rule obey;
The earth maintains her place;
And theſe thy ſervants night and day
Thy ſkill and pow'r expreſs.

7 But ſtill thy law and goſpel Lord
Have leſſons more divine;
Not earth ſtands firmer than thy word,
Nor ſtars ſo nobly ſhine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

8 Thy word is everlaſting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book ſhall guide our youth,
And well ſupport our age.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifth part*

Delight in Scripture; or, the Word of God dwelling in us.

Ver. 97.

O HOW I love thy holy law;
'Tis daily my delight;

And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel Lord.

Ver, 3, 13, 54.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage?
How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly song.

Ver. 19. 103.

4 Am I a stranger or at home,
'Tis my perpet'al feast!
Not honey dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold,
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

6 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixth part.*

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just,
Thence I maintain a constant fight,
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

2 Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the bus'ness of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

3 My heart in midnight silence, cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder, rise,
And bring their thanks to Thee.

Ver. 162.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men who share the spoil,
Have joys, compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventh part.*

Imperfection of Nature and perfection of Scripture

Ver. 96. Paraphrased.

LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God if once compar'd with Thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiv'n;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But Thine conduct to heav'n.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no further go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love and ev'ry grace
Fall far below thy word;

But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Eighth part*

The Word of God is the Saint's Portion; or, The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage:
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love
And keep thy laws in sight;
While through thy promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief which mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

Desire of knowledge; or the teachings of the Spirit with the Word.

Ver 64, 68, 18.

THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
How good thy works appear
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125,

2 My heart was fashion'd by thine hands
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do;

Ver. 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways;
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His works forever I'll pursue;
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

6 This was my comfort, when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

[7 In vain the proud deride me, now:
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways!
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM CXIX. *Tenth Part.*

Pleading the Promises.

Ver. 38. 49.

BEHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear!
Remember, and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

W

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

2 Haſt thou not writ ſalvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart addreſs thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123. 42.

3 Mine eyes for thy ſalvation fail;
O bear thy ſervant up;
Nor let the ſcoffing lips prevail,
Which dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

4 Didſt thou not raiſe my faith, O Lord;
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints ſhall rejoice in my reward,
And truſt, as well as fear.

PSALM CXIX. *Eleventh part.*

Breathing after Holineſs

Ver. 5, 33.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

2 O ſend Thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 36, 37.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt deſign,
Nor covetous deſires ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine.

Ver. 133.

4 Order my footſteps by thy word,
And make my heart ſincere;
Let ſin have no dominion Lord,
But keep my conſcience clear.

Ver. 176

5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip:
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. *Twelfth part.*

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

MY God consider my distress;
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress:
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries.
When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
And make my comforts rise?

Ver. 132.

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy grace the same,
As thou art ever wont t' afford,
To those who love thy name.

PSALM CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.*

Holy fear, and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face;
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinners way.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart.
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver 161, 163.

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors the lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 1[illegible] 120.

5 My heart, with sacred rev'rence hears,
The threat'nings of thy word:
My flesh. with holy trembling, fears,
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166 174.

6 My God I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM CXIX. *Fourteenth part.*

Benefit of Afflictions, and support under them.

Ver. 153, 81 82.

CONSIDER all my sorrows Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found tis good for me,
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new diftrefs begins:
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former fins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My foul, oppreft with forrow's weight,
Had funk among the dead.

Ver. 75

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may feem fevere;
The fharpeft fuff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chaft'ning rod,
My feet were apt to ftray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM CXIX *Fifteenth Part.*

Holy Refolutions.

Ver. 93

O THAT thy ftatutes, ev'ry hour,
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my fweet employ;
My foul fhall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32,

3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and and satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My lips, with courage, shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should hear.
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill!
I love my God I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixteenth part.*

Prayer for Quickening Grace,

Ver. 25, 37.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and ev'ry lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influ'ence of thy grace
To speed me in my way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Thy word, which I have rested on,
Shall help my heav'est hours.

Ver, 156. 40.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?

Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace;

Ver. 93

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventeenth part.*

Courage and Perseverance under Persecution; or Grace Shining in difficulties and Trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness;
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies;
They watch my feet with env'ous eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause;
They hate to see me love thy laws;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
'Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM CXIX. *Last part.*

Sanctified Afflictions; or, Delight in the Word of God.

Ver. 67. 59.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastizing rod,
Which forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God.

Foolish and vain I went astray,
E'er I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep Thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law which issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the *South*,
Or *Western* hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within:
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all who love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice:
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM CXX.

Complaint of Quarrelsome Neighbours; or, *A devout wish for Peace.*

THOU God of love, thou ever-blest,
Pity my suff'ring state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest
From lips which love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife.
Whose never ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 O! might I fly to change my place;
How would I choose to dwell

In some wild lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek;
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue?

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI. Long metre.

Divine Protection.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies!
Thence all her help my soul derives:
There my almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives, the Everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood,
The heav'ns, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the ev'ning veil and keeps
The silent hours, while Isr'el sleeps.

4 *Isr'el* a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprize.

5 No sun shall smite thy head, by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return,
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry ſnare.

7 On thee foul ſpirits have no pow'r;
And in thy laſt departing hour,
Angels who trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM CXXI. Common metre.

Preſervation by day and night.

TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid,
The Lord who built the earth and ſkies,
Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet ſhall never ſlide, to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep;
His ear attends the ſofteſt call;
His eyes can never ſleep.

3 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs,
With his Almighty arm;
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurprizing harm.

4 *Iſr'el* rejoice, and reſt ſecure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor ſcorching ſun, nor ſickly moon,
Shall have his leave to ſmite;
He ſhields thy head from burning noon,
From blaſting damps at night.

6 He guards thy ſoul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickeſt dangers come;
Go and return ſecure from death,
'Till God commands thee home.

PSALM CXXI.

God our preserver.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid:
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the Tow'r
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
Which never sleep,
Shall *Isr'el* keep
When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there,
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
'Till, from on high,
Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Com. metre.

Going to Church.

HOW did my heart rejoice, to hear,
My friends, devoutly say,

In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!

2 I love her gates, I love the road:
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To shew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown,
The holy tribes prepare;
The son of *David* holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts, and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends my kindred dwell,
There God, my saviour, reigns.

PSALM CXXII.

Going to Church.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the people cry,
Come, let us seek our God, *to-day*;
Yes, with a chearful zeal,
We haste to *Zion's* hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 *Zion*, thrice happy place!
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There *David's* Greater Son
Has fix'd his Royal Throne ;
He ſits for grace and judgment there;
He bids the ſaints be glad,
And makes the ſinners ſad,
And humble ſouls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bleſs the ſoul of ev'ry gueſt :
The man who ſeeks thy peace,
And wiſhes thine increaſe,
A thouſand bleſſings on him reſt !

5 My tongue repeats her vows,
Peace to this ſacred houſe !
For there my friends and kindred dwell ;
And ſince my glor'ous God
Makes thee his bleſt abode,
My ſoul ſhall ever love thee well.

PSALM CXXIII.

Pleading, with Submiſſion.

O THOU whoſe grace and juſtice reign
Enthron'd above the ſkies,
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To thee we lift our eyes !

2 As ſervants watch their maſter's hand,
And fear the angry ſtroke ;
Or maids before their miſtreſs ſtand,
And wait a peaceful look :

3 So for our ſins we juſtly feel
Thy diſcipline O God ;
Yet wait the gracious moment ſtill,
'Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Thoſe who in wealth and pleaſure live,
Our daily groans deride ;
And thy delays of mercy give
Freſh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM CXXVI.

A Song for Public Deliverance.

HAD not the Lord, may *Isr'el* say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
When men to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide:

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death:
Proud waters had o'er whelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with chearful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who form'd the earth and built the skies;
He who upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own Church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common metre.

The Saints' Trial and safety.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock, the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on Thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old *Salem's* happy ground,

As those eternal arms of love,
Which ev'ry saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay,
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently Lord with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of Paradice,
Where Christ, their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those wicked ways
Which the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his foll'wers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short metre.

The Saints' Trial & safety; or, Moderated afflictions

FIRM and unmov'd are they
Who rest their souls on God;
Firm as the mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and his Almighty Love,
Embrace his saints around,

3 What though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke
Yet lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and ev'ry grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;

The God of *Isr'el* will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long metre.

Surprising Deliverance,

WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name;
While we, with pleasure, shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man who in his furrow'd field,
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Joy of a Remarkable Conversion; or, Melancholy Removed.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess:
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sang surprizing grace.

Great is the work, my neighbors cry'd,
And own'd thy pow'r divine;
Great is the work, my heart reply'd,
And be the glory thine.

4 The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night,
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.

5 Let thoſe who ſow in ſadneſs, wait
'Till the fair harveſt come:
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.

6 Though ſeed lie bury'd long in duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their hope!
The precious grain can ne'er be loſt,
For grace inſures the crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long metre.

The bleſſing of God on the Buſineſs and Comforts of Life.

IF God ſucceed not, all the coſt
And pains, to build the houſe, are loſt:
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may ſleep.

2 What if you riſe before the ſun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your bread,
To ſhun that poverty you dread?

3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath bleſt:
He can make rich, yet give us reſt;
Children and friends are bleſſings too,
If God, our Sov'reign, makes them ſo.

4 Happy the man to whom he ſends
Obed'ent children, faithful freinds;
How ſweet our daily comforts prove
When they are ſeaſon'd with his love.

PSALM CXXVII. Com. metre.

God, All in All.

IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain :
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
A useful watch maintain.

2 Before the morning-beams arise,
Your painful work renew ;
And, till the stars ascend the skies,
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, 'till God has blest ;
But, if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives nor friends
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

PSALM CXXVIII. Com. metre.

Family Blessings.

O HAPPY man whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rend awe !
His lips to God, their honors yield,
His life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence shall stand
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labors of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;
Thy children, round thy board,
Each, like a plant of honor, shine,
And learn to fear the Lord,

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come ;

The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

6 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

Persecutors Punished.

UP from my youth, may Is'rel say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife:
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But not destroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh.
With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
And let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surpris'd
To hear his thunders roll;
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horrow to the soul!

6 Thus shall the men who hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fade their courage faint,
And all their projects die.

7 [What though they flourish tall and fair?
They have no root beneath;

Their growth ſhall periſh in deſpair,
And lie deſpis'd in death.]

8 So, corn which on the houſe-top ſtands,
No hope of harveſt gives;
The reaper ne'er ſhall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the ſheaves.

9 It ſprings and withers on the place;
No traveller beſtows
A word of bleſſing on the graſs,
Nor minds it as he goes.

PSALM CXXX. Common metre.

Pardoning Grace.

OUT of the deeps of long diſtreſs,
The borders of deſpair,
I ſent my cries to ſeek thy grace,
My groans, to move thine ear.

2 Great God, ſhould thy ſeverer eye,
And thine impartial hand
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal fleſh could ſtand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood
To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy ſalvation, Lord,
With ſtrong deſires I wait;
My ſoul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Juſt as the guards, who keep the night,
Long for the morning ſkies,
Watch the firſt beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my ſoul to ſee thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the firſt op'nings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]

7 Then in the Lord let *Isr'el* trust,
Let *Isr'el* seek his face.
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plent'ous is his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his Throne,
For sinners long enslav'd:
The great Redeemer is his Son;
And *Isr'el* shall be sav'd.

PSALM CXXX. Long metre.

Pardoning Grace

FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I raise my cries:
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy Throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there;
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul, before thy gate:
When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word, in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI.

Humility and Submission.

IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see:
Or, do I act a haughty part?
Lord I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. Long metre.

At the settlement of a church; or, The ordination of a Minister.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal mind
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of *Jacob* chose the hill
Of *Zion* for his ancient rest;
And *Zion* is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,
"And reign forever," saith the Lord;
"Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
"And blessings shall attend my word.

4 "Here I will meet a hungry poor,
"And fill their souls with living bread;
"Sinners who wait before my door,
"With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 "Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
"My priests, my ministers shall shine;
"Not *Aaron* in his costly dress,
"Made an appearance so divine.

6 "The saints, unable to contain
"Their inward joys, shall shout and sing,
"The Son of *David* here shall reign,
"And *Zion* triumph in her King.

7 ["My Son shall see a num'rous seed
"Born here, t' uphold his glor'ous name:
"His crown shall flourish on his head,
"While all his foes are cloth'd with shame."]

PSALM CXXXII. Com. metre.

A Church Establish'd.

NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
  Good *David* would afford,
'Till he had found below the skies,
  A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his name
  His ark was settled there;
To *Zion* the whole nation came,
  To worship thrice a year.

3 But we have no such lengths to go,
  Nor wander far abroad;
Where e'er thy saints assemble now,
  There is a house for God.

PAUSE.

4 Arise, O King of grace, arise!
  And enter to thy rest,
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
  Thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter, with all thy glor'ous train,
  Thy spirit and thy word;
All which the ark did once contain
  Could no such grace afford.

6 Here mighty God, accept our vows;
  Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
  And fill thy poor with bread,

7 Here let the Son of *David* reign:
  Let God's anointed shine;

Justice and truth his courts maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Com. metre.

Brotherly love.

LO what an entertaining sight
Are brethren who agree!
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bonds of piety!

2 When streams of love, from Christ the Spring
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole;

3 'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
On *Aaron's* rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning-dews
Which fall on *Zion's* hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distill.

PSALM CXXXIII. Short metre.

Communion of Saints; or, *Love and Worship in a Family.*

BLEST are the sons of peace
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on *Aaron's* head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on thy heav'nly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning-dew, destills,
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIII.

The Blessings of Friendship.

HOW Pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree!
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On *Aaron's* sacred head,
Divinely rich divinely sweet;
The oil, through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful shower's of rain
Which water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love, like heav'nly dew, destills.

PSALM CXXXIV. Com. metre.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

YE who obey th' immortal King.
Attend his holy place,
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wond'rous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning-light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of *Zion* cheers your hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;
The God who spread the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV. *First part.* Long Metre.

The Church is God's House and Care.

PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints who to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Isr'el he chose of old; and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord Himself will judge his saints:
He treats his servants as his friends!
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows which he sends.

4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,
And will be known *th' Almighty GOD.*

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests, exalt his name:
Among his saints he ever dwells:
His church is his *Jerusalem.*

PSALM CXXXV. *Second part.*

The works of Creation and Providence: Redemption of Israel, *and Destruction of Enemies.*

GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all pow'rs, and ev'ry throne;
What e'er he please in earth or sea,
Or heav'n or hell his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
The light'nings flash the thunders roar,
He pours the rain he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O *Egypt!* through thy stubborn land;
When all thy first-born beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations mighty kings
He slew and their whole country gave
To *Isr'el* whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud *Pharaoh's* slave!

5 His pow'r the same the same his grace,
Who saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, *not to Idols.*

AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King;
Your sweetest passions raise,
Your pious pleasure while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unkown
Are his divine employ:
But still his saints are near his Throne,
His treasure and his joy.

3 Heav'n, earth and sea confess his hand:
He bids the vapours rise;
Light'ning and storm at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All pow'r which gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone;
But *heathen* gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them show'rs of rain?

In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
And pray to gold in vain !

[6 Their gods have tongues which cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave :
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk ;
Nor hands have pow'r, to save.

7 Blind are their eyes their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray ;
Mortals who wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 *New-England*, know thy living God ;
Serve him with faith and fear ;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine hon ors there.

PSALM CXXXVI. Com. metre.

God's *wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of* Israel *and Salvation of his People.*

GIVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord ;
His mercies still endure,
And be the King of kings ador'd :
His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !
How mighty is his hand !
Heav'n earth and sea he fram'd alone ;
How wide is his command !

3 The sun supplies the day with light,
How bright his counsels shine !
The moon and stars adorn the night :
His works are all divine.

4 He struck the sons of *Egypt* dead ;
How dreadful is his rod !
And thence with joy his people led :
How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two ;
His arm is great in might.

And gave the tribes a passage through;
His grace and pow'r unite,

6 But *Pharaoh's* army there he drown'd;
How glor'ous are his ways!
And brought his saints through desart ground;
Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;
Victor'ous is his sword;
While *Isr'el* took the promis'd land:
And faithful is his word.

8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in?
How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails!
From death and hell and ev'ry foe;
And still his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King:
His mercies still endure;
Let the whole earth his praises sing:
His truth is ever sure.

PSALM CXXXVI.

GIVE thanks to God Most High,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings
And be his grace ador'd.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.
Thy mercy Lord
Shall still endure;

And ever sure
Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flow'r of *Egypt*, dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

5 His pow'r and lifted rod
Cleft the red sea in two;
And for his people made
A wond'rous passage through.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

6 But cruel *Pharaoh* there,
With all his host he drown'd;
And brought his *Isr'el* safe
Through a long desart ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

7 The Kings of *Canaan* fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;

While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.]

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From satan, sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe,
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the Heav'nly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Abridged.* Long metre.

GIVE to the Lord immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways!
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of Lords, renown,
The King of kings, with glory crown,

His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords and kings are known *no more.*

3 He built the earth he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

4 He fills the ſun with morning-light;
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine *no more.*

5 The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh's* hand,
And brought them to the promiſ'd land!
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 He ſaw the *Gentiles* dead in ſin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Death and ſin ſhall reign *no more,*

7 He ſent his Son, with pow'r to ſave
From guilt and darkneſs and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be *no more.*

PSALM CXXXVIII. Long metre.

Reſtoring and preſerving grace.

WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong;
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

[2 Angels who make thy church their care,
Shall witneſs my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple, in the ſkies.]

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory show.

4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my foes;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

5 The God of heav'n maintains his state.
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great,
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand?
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins:
The work which Wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX *First part*. Long metre.
The All-Seeing God.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my God, distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
E'er from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake asleep at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent; what lofty height!

My ſoul with all the pow'rs I boaſt,
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

5 *O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt*
Where e'er I rove, where e'er I reſt!
Nor let my meaner paſſions, dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

PAUSE I.

6 Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove
To quit thy ſervice and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy preſence ſhun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt Enthron'd in Light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath his chains.

8 If, mounted on a morning-ray,
I fly beyond the *Weſtern* ſea,
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

9 Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight
Beneath the ſpreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, own piercing ray
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

10 *O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt*
Where e'er I rove where e'er I reſt!
Nor let my meaner paſſions dare
Conſent to ſin, for God is there.

PAUSE II.

11 The veil of night is no diſguiſe,
Nor ſcreen from thy all-ſearching eyes:
Thy hand can ſeize thy foes as ſoon
Through midnight-ſhades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon, in this agree,
Great God they're both alike to thee;
Nor death can hide what God will ſpy,
And hell lies naked to his eye,

11 *O may these thoughts possess my breast*
Where e'er I rove where e'er I rest;
Nor let my meaner passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second part.*

The wonderful formation of man.

'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaim thy will divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay:
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Were copy'd, with unerring art.

4 At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And, in some unknown moment, join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man:
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's buzy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand which makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart a·e still imprest;
With these I give my eyes to rest:
And, at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Third part.*

Sincerity profest, and grace tried; or, The heart-searching God.

MY God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men transgress thy will!
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those who oppose thy laws and Thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet, whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXXXIX. *First part.* Com. metre

God is every where.

IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest.
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;

And e'er my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the fenfe I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Befet on ev'ry fide.

5 So let thy grace furround me ftill,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my foul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by Sov'reign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where fhall guilty fouls retire:
Forgotten and unknown:
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

7 Should I fupprefs my vital breath,
To 'fcape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave refign.

8 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the *Weft*,
Thy hand, which muft fopport my flight,
Would foon betray my reft.

9 If o'er my fins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
Thofe flaming eyes, which guard thy law,
Would turn the fhades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee!

PASLM CXXXIX. *Second part.*

The wifdom of God, in the formation of man.

WHEN I with pleafing wonder ftand,
And all my frame furvey,

Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy Hand
  Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy Hand my heart and reins possest
  Where unborn nature grew;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
  And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
  The growth of ev'ry part:
'Till the whole scheme, thy thoughts had laid,
  Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth and sea, and fire and wind,
  Shew me thy wond'rous skill;
But I review myself, and find
  Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine;
  My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature, join
  Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Third Part.*

The mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
  They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands which spread the shore
  To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands
  The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings, from thy hands,
  Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
  How kind, how dear to me;
O may the hour which ends my sleep
  Still find my thoughts with Thee.

PSALM CXLI.

Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.

A morning or evening Psalm.

MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incence in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII.

God is the hope of the helpless.

TO God I made my sorrows known;
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before his throne,
I pour'd out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes;
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burden knows.
He knows the way I take.

3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers pass'd me by
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near;
"Thou art my portion when I die,
Be thou my Refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low;
Now let thine ear attend;
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an Almighty friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name;
And holy men shall join with me
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

MY right'ous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known!

2 Let judgment not against me pass,
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace!
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord and see
The mighty woes which burden me!
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness, and unseen;
My heart is desolate within:
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up:
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst, like parched lands, for rain.

6 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God forever hide his love?

7 My God thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;

My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice!

9 In Thee I trust, to Thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For Thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I fly to hide me, near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, which was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. *First part.*

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My saviour and my shield;
He sends his spirit, with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A Friend and Helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise,
He makes the glor'ous vict'ry mine,
And His shall be the praise.

PSALM CXLIV. *Second part.*

The vanity of man, and condescention of God.

LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hast'ning to the dust.

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God, who darts his light'nings down;
Who shakes the world above,
And mountains tremble, at his frown.
How wond'rous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. *Third part.*

Grace above riches; or The happy nation.

HAPPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars, round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those,
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

PSALM CXLV. Long metre.

The greatness of God.

MY God, my King thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days.
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
'Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;

And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift : thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy Majesty divine ;
All nations round their shores proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds !
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways ;
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

PSALM CXLV. *First Part.*

The greatness of God.

LONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great ;
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song
Shall join their chearful voice.

4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glor'ous deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands;
Thy saints are rul'd by love:
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. *Second Part.*

The goodness of God.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food:
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
How soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. *Third Part.*

Mercy to sufferers, or, God hearing prayer.

LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;

Thy ftrength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raife the poor, who fall.

3 When forrow bows the fpirit down,
Or virtue lies diftreft
Beneath fome proud oppreffor's frown,
Thou giv'ft the mourners reft.

3 The Lord fupports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and juft are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his fervants feel;
He hears his children cry,
And their beft wifhes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never fhall remove
From men of heart fincere;
He faves the fouls, whofe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

[6 His ftubborn foes his fword fhall flay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none who ferve the Lord, fhall fay,
"They fought his aid, in vain."

7 My lips fhall dwell upon his praife,
And fpread his fame abroad;
Let all the fons of *Adam* raife
The honors of their God.]

PSALM CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praife to God for his goodnefs and truth.

PRAISE ye the Lord; my heart fhall join
In works fo pleafant, fo divine;
Now while the flefh is mine abode,
And when my foul afcends to God.

2 Praife fhall employ my nobleft pow'rs,
While immortality endures:
My days of praife fhall ne'er be paft,
While life and thought and being laft.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r;
And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On *Isr'el's* God! he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth forevr stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring concience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O *Zion*! ever reigns;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

PSALM CXLVI.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath:
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die, and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On *Isr'el's* God: he made the sky,

And earth and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes, to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints: he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O *Zion!* ever reigns:
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage:
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him, while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought, and being last.
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. *First Part.*

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames:
He counts their numbers calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound;
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd,

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.

7 What is the creatures' skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse?
The nimble wit, the active limb,
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear;
And looks and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. *Second Part.*

Summer and Winter.

A Song for America.

COLUMBIA! praise thy mighty God,
And make his honors known abroad;
He bids the ocean round thee flow:
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

2 Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy latter rains;
His flakes of snow, like wool, he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary froſt he ſtrews the ground
His hail deſcends with clatt'ring ſound;
Where is the man, ſo vainly bold,
Who dares defy his dreadful cold?

5 He bids the Southern breezes blow:
The ice diſſolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways,
America! to draw thy praiſe.

6 In all thy climes his laws are ſhown:
His goſpel through the nation known:
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land: praiſe ye the Lord!

PSALM CXLVII. Com. metre.

The Seaſons of the Year.

WITH ſongs and honors ſounding loud,
Addreſs the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns he ſpread his cloud,
And waters veil the ſky.

2 He ſends his ſhow'rs of bleſſings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the graſs the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the ravens cry;
But man who taſtes the fineſt wheat,
Should raiſe his honors high.

4 His ſteady counſels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the ſun cut ſhort his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow.
Deſcend, and clothe the ground
The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful ſtores on high,
He pours the ratt'ling hail,
The wretch, who dares this God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He ſends his word and melts the ſnow ;
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the ſpring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With ſongs and honors, ſounding loud.
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII.

Praiſe to God *from all Creatures.*

YE tribes of *Adam*, join
With heav'n and earth and ſeas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praiſe.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light
Begin the ſong.

2 Thou ſun, with dazzling rays,
And moon which rul'ſt the night,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe,
With ſtars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods,on high,
And clouds, which fly
In empty air,

3 The ſhining worlds above
In glorious order ſtand,
Or in ſwift courſes move
By his ſupreme command :
He ſpake the word,
And all their frame,
From nothing came,
To praiſe the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish, which cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye the th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds which blow:
To execute his word:
When light'nings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His Hand divine.

7 Ye mountains, near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
Which fruit in plenty bear.
Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sov'reign King:
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honors sing:

Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and ſtate
Make you forget
His pow'r ſupreme.

9 Virgins and youth engage
To ſound His praiſe divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
Wide as He reigns
His name be ſung,
By ev'ry tongue,
In endleſs ſtrains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God, who rules above,
He brings his people near
And makes them taſte his love:
While earth and ſky
Attempt his praiſe,
His ſaints ſhall raiſe
His honors high.

PSALM CXLVIII. Paraphraſed.

Univerſal praiſe to God.

LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord
From diſtant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heav'n begin the ſolemn word,
And ſound it dreadful down to hell,

Note, *This pſalm may be ſung as the* 113*th pſalm if the two following lines are added to every ſtanza, viz.*
Each of his works his name diſplays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praiſe.

2 The Lord! how abſolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee!
Sing of his love in heav'nly ſtrains,
And ſpeak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of ſhining bliſs:

Fly through the world, O ſun, and tell
How dark thy beams, compar'd to His.

4 Awake, ye tempeſts, and his fame
In ſounds of dreadful praiſe declare:
And the ſweet whiſper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praiſe with blazing fire:
Let the firm earth and rolling ſea,
In this eternal ſong conſpire.

6 Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his ſkill;
Vallies, lie low before his eye!
And let his praiſe from ev'ry hill
Riſe tuneful to the neighb'ring ſky.

7 Ye ſtubborn oaks and ſtately pines,
Bend your high branches. and adore;
Praiſe him ye beaſts, in diff'rent ſtrains;
The lamb muſt bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye muſt make his praiſe your theme;
Nature demands a ſong from you:
While the dumb fiſh which cut the ſtream
Leap up and mean his praiſes too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you ſings?
O for a ſhout from old and young,
From humble ſwains, and lofty kings?

10 Wide as his vaſt dominion lies
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as his thunder ſhout his praiſe,
And ſound it lofty to his throne.

11 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word;
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But ſaints who beſt have known the Lord
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt ſong.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which *Gabriel* plays on ev'ry chord:

From all below and all above,
Loud hallalujahs, to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short metre.

Universal praise.

LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavn'ly hosts. the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon, with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame:
By His command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs of snow,
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Wind, Hail and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye, in dreadful storms, conspire
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
His honors be exprest;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye watry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound,

From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts, which graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear,
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His var'ous wisdom show;
And flies in all your shining swarms,
Praise Him who drest you so.

12 By all the earth-born race,
His honors be exprest;
But, saints, who know his heav'nly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that Sov'reign hand
Whence all your honors spring.

14 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and with'ring age
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest,
But saints, who dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLIX.

Praise God all his Saints ; or, The Saints Judging the World.

ALL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new ;
Amidst the church, with cheerful voice,
His later wonders shew.

2 The *Jews*, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing ;
And *Gentile* nations join the praise,
While *Zion* owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn :
The meek, who lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed ;
And, like the souls in glory, sing,
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hands shall wield the sword :
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
Nations that dar'd rebel ;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford ;
Such honor for the saints remains ;
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM CL.

A Song of Praise.

IN God's own house pronounce his praise;
His grace he there reveals:
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds:
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All who have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd.
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Common metre, *where the tune includes two stanzas*

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd
  Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
  And new-creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
  And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
  Let saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels, round the Throne,
  And saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
  And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
  The Father, Son and Spirit, be
  Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the Throne,
  And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's Throne
  Perpet'al honors raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit, praise;
  With all our pow'rs,
  Eternal King,
  Thy name we sing,
  While faith adores.

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

In three BOOKS:

I. Collected from the Scriptures.
II. Composed on Divine Subjects.
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BY ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

CORRECTED, AND ACCOMMODATED TO THE USE OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IN AMERICA.

And they sang a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. *for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us,* &c. REV. V. 9.

Soliti essent (i. e. CHRISTIANI) convenire, carmenque, Christo quasi Deo dicere. PLIN. *in Epist.*

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AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I. *A new song to the Lamb that was slain*, Rev. 5.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
  Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for his name,
  And songs, before unknown

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
  The church adore around
With vials full of odours sweet,
  And harps of sweetest sound.

3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
  And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
  He loves to hear our praise.

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
  Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
  And open ev'ry seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
  The Son deserves it well;
Lo! in his hand the sov'reign keys
  Of heav'n and death, and hell!

6 Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
Be endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls with blood;
Haſt ſet the pris'ners free;
Haſt made us kings and prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy pow'r:
Then ſhorten theſe delaying days,
And bring the promis'd hour.

II. *The Deity and Humanity of Christ.* John, i. 1, 3, 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii 9, 10.

E'ER the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad
From everlaſting was the Word;
With *God* he was, the Word was *God*,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made:
By him ſupported all things ſtand:
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly, at his command.

3 E'er ſin was born, or ſatan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years!)

4 But lo, he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms;
The word deſcends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

5 Mortals with joy, behold his face,
Th' Eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! How full of grace!
When through his fleſh the godhead ſhone.

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
Learn new myſt'ries here, and tell

The love of our descending *God*,
The glories of *Emanuel*.

III. *The Nativity of Christ*, Lu. i. 30, & ii. 10.

BEHOLD, the grace appears!
The promise is fulfil'd:
Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,
And *Jesus* is the child!

2 [The Lord the highest God,
Calls him his only Son:
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.

4 To bring the glorious news
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the Shepherds of their joys.
And banishes their fears.

5 Go *humble swains*, (said he)
To David's city fly;
The promis'd Infant born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

6 *With looks and hearts serene*,
Go, visit Christ, your King;
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing—

7 *Glory to God on high!*
And heav'nly peace on earth:
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!

8 In worship so divine,
Let Saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs;

9 *Glory to God on high!*
And heav'nly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth,

IV. HYMN, referred to II. PSALM.

V. *Submission to Afflictive Providence*, Job, i. 21.

NAKED, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace all our angry passions then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too,
Which strikes our comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over Death*, Job, xix. 25 26, 27.

GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith can triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs:
My Jesus, My Redeemer lives!
My God, my Saviour comes,

3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh.
When God shall build my bones again.
He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprize.

VII. *The Invitation of the Gospel*, &c, Isa. lv. 12,

LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Lo ! all ye hungry starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys,
To fill an empty mind ;

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites,
The rich provision taste.

4 Lo ! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,

To weave a garment of your own,
Which will not hide your ſtain :

7 Come naked and adorn your ſouls
With robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labors of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.

8 Dear God, the trea'ures of thy love
Are everlaſting mines,
Deep as our helpleſs mis'ries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins !

9 The happy gates of goſpel-grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our wants away.

VIII. *Protection of the Church*, Iſ. xxvi. 1, &c.

HOW honorable is the place,
Where we adoring ſtand !
Zion the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell :
The walls of ſtrong ſalvation made,
Defy th' aſſaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlaſting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter ye nations and obey
The ſtatutes of our King.

4 Here ſhall you taſte unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
You who have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace,

5 Truſt in the Lord, forever truſt,
And baniſh all your fears :
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 What though the rebels dwell on high?
His arm ſhall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads ſhall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet ſhall tread,
In that rejoicing hour:
The ruins of her walls ſhall ſpread
A pavement for the poor.

IX. *The promiſes of the Covenant of Grace*, Iſa lv, 1. 2. Zech. xiii, 1. Mic. vii. 19. Eze. xxxvi, 25.

IN vain we laviſh out our lives,
To gather empty wind;
The choiceſt bleſſings earth can yield
Will ſtarve a hungry mind.

2 Come and the Lord will feed our ſouls,
With more ſubſtantial meat,
With ſuch as ſaints in glory love,
With ſuch as angels eat.

3 Our God will ev'ry want ſupply,
And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.

4 Come and he'll cleanſe our ſpotted ſouls,
And waſh away our ſtains;
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 Our guilt ſhall vaniſh all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our ſins ſhall ſink beneath the ſea,
And ſhall be found no more.

6 And, leſt pollution ſhould o'erſpread
Our inward pow'rs again,
His ſpirit ſhall bedew our ſouls,
With purifying rain.

7 Our heart that flinty stubborn thing,
Which terrors cannot move.
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love;

8 Or he will take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To sweet obedience draw.

10 Thus, will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

X. *Blessedness of Gospel Time*, Isa. v. 2. 7, &c.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion behold thy Saviour King;
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight;

5 The watchmen, join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and and their God.

XI. *The Sovreignty of Grace,* Luke. x. 21. 22.

THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic'd
And spoke his joy in words of praise;
"Father I thank thee, mighty God,
"Lord of the earth and heav'ns and seas.

2 "I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
"Which crowns my doctrine with success;
"And makes the babes in knowledge learn
"The heights and breadths and lengths of grace.

3 "But all this glory lies conceal'd
"From men of prudence and of wit;
"The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
"And their own pride resists the light.

4 Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
"Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
"'Tis thy delight t'abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 "There's none can know the Father right,
"But those who learn it from the Son;
"Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
"But where the Father makes him known."

6 Then let our souls adore our God,
Who deals his graces as he please!
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions or decrees.

XII. *Free Grace reveal'd in Christ,* Luke, x. 21.

JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;

HYMNS

AND

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With vials full of odours sweet,
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3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise:
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo! in his hand the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n and death, and hell!

Bb

3 I can do all things or can bear
All suff'rings while my Lord be there,
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

5 So *Sampson* when his hair was lost,
Met the *Philistines* to his cost,
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight and lost his eyes.

XVI. *Hosanna to Christ*, Mat. xxi. 9. Lu. xix. 38.

HOSANNA to the Royal Son.
Of David's ancient line,
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of *David* here we find
And offspring is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our *Emman'el's* name.

3 Blest He who comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hosannas of the highest strain
To *Christ* the Lord, be giv'n!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' *Hosanna* on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

XVII. *Victory over Death*, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful, with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhould ſing,
Where is thy boaſted vict'ry, grave?
And where the monſter's ſting?

3 If ſin be pardon'd, I'm ſecure;
Death has no ſting beſide;
The law gave ſin its damning pow'r;
But *Chriſt*, my ranſom, dy'd.

4 Now to the God of Victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rous while we die,
Through *Chriſt*, our living Head.

XVIII. *Bleſſed are the Dead, that Die in the Lord*, Rev. xiv. 13.

HEAR! what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the ſavor of their names,
And ſoft their ſleeping bed.

2 They die in *Jeſus*, and are bleſt;
How kind their ſlumbers are!
From ſuff'rings and from ſins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry ſnare.

3 Far from this world of toil and ſtrife,
They're preſent with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

XIX. *The Song of* Simeon, Luke i. 27, &c.

LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy *Simeon* came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the ſame!

2 With what divine and vaſt delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When, fondly, in his wither'd arms,
He claſp'd the Holy Child!

Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death
From glitt'ring roofs, and downy beds.

3 Their ling'ring, their unwilling souls
The dismal summons must obey;
And bid a long, a sad farewell,
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where Kings and slaves have equal thrones:
Their bones without distinction lie
Among the heap of meaner bones.

The rest referred to the 49th Psalm.

XXV. *A vision of the* Lamb, Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears:
Behold ! amidst th' Eternal Throne
A vision of the *Lamb* appears.

2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
His wisdom perfect as his pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From Him who sits upon the throne:
Jesus my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

4 All the assembled saints around
Fall worshipping before the *Lamb*,
And, in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honors to his name

5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills:
Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
To read the book, to loose the seals.]

6 Our voices join the heav'nly ſtrain,
And with transporting pleaſure ſing,
Worthy the *Lamb* who once was ſlain,
To be our teacher and our King!

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counſels, deep deſigns:
His grace and vengeance ſhall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou haſt redeem'd our ſouls from hell,
With thine invaluable blood:
And wretches who did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy forever is the Lord,
Who dy'd for treaſons, not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

XXVI. *Hope of Heaven, by the reſurrection of* Chriſt, 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

BLEST be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord:
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

2 When from the dead He rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope
That they ſhould never die.

3 What though our in-bred ſins require
Our fleſh to ſee the duſt!
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
So all his foll'wers muſt.

4 There's an Inheritance Divine
Reſerv'd againſt that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waſte away.

5 Saints, by the pow'r of God, are kept,
'Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'Till Christ shall call us home.

XXVII. *Assurance of Heaven*, 2. Tim. iv. 6. &c.

DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward,

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The gracious Judge at that great day
Will place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This prize for me alone:
But all who love, and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 *Jesus*, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom lead
This feeble soul of mine,

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise; *Amen*.

XXVIII *The triumph of* Christ *over the enemies of his Church*, Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3. &c.

WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the *Idumean* road,
Away from *Bozrah's* gate?

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some vict'rious King:
" 'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
" That your salvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
Why thine apparel red?
Why all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread?

4 " I by myself have trod the press,
" And crush'd my foes alone:
" My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
" My fury stamp'd them down.

5 'Tis *Edom's* blood which dyes my robes
" With joyful scarlet-stains:
" The triumph that my raiment wears
" Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd,
" That dare insult my saints;
" I have an arm t'avenge their wrongs,
" An ear for their complaints."

XXIX. *Second Part; or, the Ruin of* Antichrist. ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

" I LIFT my banner, saith the Lord,
" Where *Antichrist* has stood;
" The city of my gospel's foes
" Shall be a field of blood.

2 " My heart has study'd just revenge,
" And now the day appears;
" The year of my redeem'd is come,
" To wipe away their tears.

3 Quite weary is my patience grown,
" And bids my fury go:
" Swift as the light'ning it shall move,
" And be as fatal too.

4 " I call for helpers, but in vain;
" Then has my gospel none?

" Well, mine own arm has might enough
" To crush my foes alone.

5 " Slaughter and my devouring sword,
" Shall walk the streets around.
" *Babel* shall reel beneath my stroke,
" And stagger to the ground."

6 Thy honors, O victor'ous King
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thy awful vengeance sing,
And our deliv'rer praise.

XXX. *Prayer for Deliverance answered*, Isa. xxvi. 8—20.

IN thine own ways, O God of Love,
We wait the visits of Thy Grace;
Our souls desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies
Before the dawn restore the light.

3 Look how rebell'ous men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace
'Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,

While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

XXXI. *Referred to the First Psalm.*

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven*, Isa. xl. 27. *&c.*

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts arise!
And where's our courage fled?
Have restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
Which form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our *Jehovah* dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we, who wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
'Till their unweary'd feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

The XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII, referred to Psal. cxxxi. cxxxiv, lxvii, lxxiii, xc, and lxxxiv.

XXXIX. God's *tender care of his Church*, Isa. xlix. 13, 14, *&c.*

NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 God on his thirsty *Sion* hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room?

5 *Yet*, saith the Lord, *shall nature change*,
And mothers monsters prove,
Sion *still dwells upon the heart*
Of everlasting love.

6 *Deep on the palms of both my hands*
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame.

XL. *The business and blessedness of glorified* Saints.

Rev. vii. 13, 14, 15, &c.

WHAT *happy men, or angels these,*
That all their robes are spotless white?
Whence did this glor'ous troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light?

2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came:
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying *Lamb*.

3 Now they approach'd th' Almighty Throne
With loud *hosannas* night and day;
Sweet anthems to the great *Three-One*
Measure their bless'd eternity

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls ;
He bids their parching thirst be gone.
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The *Lamb* who fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams :
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Through the vast round of endless years,
While the soft hand of Sov'reign Grace
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears.

XLI. *The Martyrs Glorified*, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

THESE *glor'ous minds how bright they shine !*
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day ?

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In *Jesus'* dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne ;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the *Holy One*.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his saints reside.
While the rich treasure of His grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast ;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The *Lamb* shall lead His heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,

And love Divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

XLII. *Divine Wrath and Mercy.* Na. i. 1, 2, 3, &c.

ADORE and tremble for our God
Is a* *conſuming fire!* (*Heb. xii. 25.)
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
And raiſe his vengeance high'r.

2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns!
How bright its fury glows!
Vaſt magazines of plagues and ſtorms
Lie treaſur'd for his foes.

3 Thoſe heaps of wrath by ſlow degrees
Are forc'd into a flame;
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all nature's frame!

4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And ſeek a wat'ry grave;
The frighted ſea makes haſte away,
And ſhrinks up ev'ry wave.

5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
Are ſwift as hail-ſtones hurl'd;
Who dares engage the fiery rage
Which ſhakes the ſolid world?

6 Yet mighty God! thy Sov'reign Grace
Sits Regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy choſen race
When wrath comes ruſhing down.

7 Thy hand ſhall on rebellious kings
A fiery tempeſt pour,
While we beneath thy ſhelt'ring wings
Thy juſt revenge adore.

XLIII. Referred to Pſalm C, and XLIV, to Pſalm CXXXIII.

XLV. *The Laſt Judgement*, Rev. xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8.

SEE where the great Incarnate God
Fills a majeſtic throne!

While from the ſkies his awful voice
Bears the laſt judgment down,

2 [" I am the FIRST, and I the LAST,
" Through endleſs years the ſame ;
" I AM, is my memorial ſtill,
" And my Eternal Name.

3 " Such favors as a God can give,
" My royal grace beſtows :
" Ye thirſty ſouls, come, taſte the ſtreams
" Where life and pleaſure flows.]

4 [" The ſaint, who triumphs o'er his ſins,
" I'll own him for a *ſon* ;
" The whole creation ſhall reward
" The conqueſts he has won.

5 " But, bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
" And all the lying race,
" The faithleſs, and the ſcoffing crew,
" Who ſpurn at offer'd grace ;

6 " They ſhall be taken from my ſight,
" Bound with an iron chain,
" And headlong plung'd into the lake
" Where fire and darkneſs reign."

7 O may I ſtand before the *Lamb*,
When earth and ſeas are fled !
And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With bleſſings on my head !

8 May I with thoſe forever dwell,
Who here were my delight ;
While ſinners, baniſh'd down to hell,
No more offend my ſight.

XLVI, XLVII. Referred to Pſalm cxlviii, and iii.

XLVIII. *Chriſtian Race*, Iſ. xl. 28, 29, &c.

AWAKE our ſouls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)

Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtraight and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

3 The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply;
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to Thine Abode;
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

XLIX. *Works of* Moſes *and the* Lamb, Re. xv. 3.

HOW ſtrong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear Thy Name?
Jeſus, how ſweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the *Lamb*?

2 He has done more than *Moſes* did,
Our Prophet and our King:
From bonds of hell he freed our ſouls,
And taught our lips to ſing.

3 In the *red ſea*, by *Moſes'* hand
Th' *Egyptian* hoſt was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our ſins.
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the deſart *Iſr'el* went,
With *manna* they were fed:
Our Lord invites us to his fleſh,
And calls it living bread.

5 *Moſes* beheld the promis'd land.
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Chriſt *ſhall bring his foll'wers home*
To ſee his Father's face.

6 Then ſhall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And ſweeter voices tune the ſong
Of *Moſes* and the *Lamb.*

L. *Light and Salvation by* JESUS CHRIST Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

NOW be the God of *Iſr'el* bleſt,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he ſware.

2 Now he bedews old *David's* root
With bleſſings from the ſkies;
He makes the branch of promiſe ſhoot,
The promis'd horn ariſe.

3 [*John* was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face,
The herald that our Saviour-God
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great Salvation known;
He ſpeaks of pardon'd ſins:
While Grace Divine, with heav'nly love,
In its own glory ſhines.

5 "Behold the *Lamb* of God," *he cries*,
"Who takes our guilt away;
"I ſaw the Spirit o'er His head,
"On his baptizing day.]

6 "Be ev'ry vale exalted high;
"Sink ev'ry mountain low;
"The proud muſt ſtoop, and humble ſouls
"Shall his ſalvation know.

7 "The *heathen* realms with *Isr'el's* land,
"Shall join in sweet accord;
"And all that's born of man, shall see
"The glory of the Lord.

8 "Behold the Morning Star arise,
"Ye who in darkness sit;
"He marks the path which leads to peace,
"And guides our doubtful feet."

LI. *Preserving Grace*, Jude, 24, 25.

TO GOD, the Only wise,
Our Saviour and our King.
Let all the saints, below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserv'd us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

LII. *Baptism*, Matt. xxviii. 19, Acts ii. 38

'TWAS the commission of the Lord,
Go teach the nations and baptize.
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon the eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the darksome Gentile lands.

3 *Repent, and be baptiz'd,* he saith,
For the remission of your sins ;
And thus our sense assists our faith
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean :
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord ;
O may the great Eternal three
In heav'n our solemn vows record.

LIII. *The Holy Scriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 The nations read the written word,
That book of life, that sure record ;
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd ;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye happy lands, who read his love
In long epistles, from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

LIV. *Saints beloved in* Christ, Eph. i. 3, &c.

JESUS, we bless thy father's name ;
Thy God and our's are both the same ;
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Fall down to sinners through his Son !

2 *Christ be my first elect*, he said.
Then chose our souls, in *Christ*, our head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did Eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once ;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With *Christ* our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart ;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first belov'd.

LV. *Sickness and Recovery*, Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress
Our God deserves a song ;
We take the pattern of our praise
From *Hezekiah's* tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide, in vain,
If he who holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears :
Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 *Jehovah* speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands:
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the springs of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

LVI. *Babylon Falling*, Rev. xv. 3, xvi, 19. xvii.

We sing the glories of thy love;
We sound thy dreadful name:
The christian church unites the songs
Of *Moses* and the *Lamb*.

2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways;

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy Throne?
Thy judgments speak thy holiness
Through all the nations known.

4 Great *Babylon*, which rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her Sov'reign Judge,
And shall fulfil her plagues.

LVII. *Original Sin*, Ro. v. 12. Ps. li. 3. Job xiv. 4.

BACKWARD with humble shame we look
  On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
  In our first Father's fall.

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
  But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
  How obstinate our will!

3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state)
  Before we draw our breath;
The first young pulse begins to beat
  Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degen'rate blood
  The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
  Wanders through all our veins!]

5 Wild and unwholesome, as the root,
  Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
  From such a deadly tree!

6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
  Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
  From an infected spring?

7 Yet mighty God, thy wond'rous love
  Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
  The tempter, death, and sin.

8 The Second Adam shall restore
  The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r,
  Which new creates our dust!

LVIII. *The Devil Vanquished*, Rev. xii. 7.

LET mortal tongues attempt to sing
  The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood

Chief gen'ral of th' Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage finks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was satan thrown;
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more!

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down:
'Twas by Thy Word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

6 Rejoice, ye heav'ns! let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky:
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
Raise your Deliv'rers name on high!

LIX. Babylon *Fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

IN *Gabriel's* hand, a mighty stone,
Lies a fair type of *Babylon*:
Prophets, rejoice, and all ye saints,
God shall avenge your long complaints.

2 He said, and dreadful as he stood;
He sunk the mill-stone in the flood:
Thus terribly shall Bab'lon *fall*—
Sink—and no more be found at all.

LX. *The promised* Messiah *Born*, Luk. i. 46, &c.

OUR souls shall magnify the Lord;
In God, the Savour, we rejoice:

While we repeat the Virgin's ſong,
May the ſame Spirit tune our voice.

2 The Higheſt ſaw her low eſtate,
And mighty things His hand hath done;
His overſhad'wing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of a Son.

3 Let ev'ry nation call her bleſs'd,
And endleſs years prolong her fame:
But God alone muſt be ador'd:
Holy and Rev'rend is his Name.]

4 To thoſe who fear and truſt the Lord,
His mercy ſtands forever ſure:
From age to age his promiſe lives,
And the performance is ſecure

5 He ſpake to *Abra'm* and his ſeed—
In thee ſhall all the earth be bleſs'd!
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in His Eternal breaſt.

6 But now, no more ſhall *Iſr'el* wait;
No more the *Gentiles* lie forlorn:
Lo, the Deſire of nations comes—
Behold, the promis'd ſeed is born!

LXI. Chriſt *Coming to Judgment*. Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

NOW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2 'Twas he who cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood;
'Tis He who makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To *Jeſus* our atoning Prieſt,
To *Jeſus*, our ſuperior King,
Be everlaſting pow'r confeſs'd
And ev'ry tongue his glory ſing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move!
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord—nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy char'ots long delay.

LXII. Christ Jesus, *the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the Creation*. Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

COME let us join our chearful songs
With angels, round the throne:
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 *Worthy the Lamb, that dy'd*, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the Sacred Name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the *Lamb*.

LXIII. Christ's *Humiliation, and Exaltation*, Rev. v.

WHAT equal honors shall we bring,
To Thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes which angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he who once was slain,
The Prince of Life, who groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate's* bar:
Wisdom belongs to *Jesus* too,
Though he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe Eternal Might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.

5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown, without a thorn.

6 Blessings for ever on the *Lamb*,
Who bore the curse for wretched men;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say—*Amen*.

LXIV. *Adoption*, 1 John, iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them *sons of God*!

2 'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown:
The *Jewish* world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son:—

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour near,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure—

May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We wou'd no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall *Abba* Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

LXV. *The day of Judgement*. Rev. xi. 15.

LET th' sev'nth angel sound on high;
Let shoughts be heard through all the sky:
Kings of the earth with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come;
Jesus, the *Lamb*, who once wast slain,
For ever live, forever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar
That they can slay the saints no more:
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear—
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

LXVI Christ *at his Table*, Sol. Song, i. 2, 3, &c.

LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love:
The voice which tells me—*Thou art mine*—
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 On thee th' annointing Spirit came,
And spreads the savor of thy name;

That oil of gladneſs and of grace
Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face.

3 *Jeſus* allure me by thy charms,
My ſoul ſhall fly into thine arms!
Our wand'ring feet thy favors bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

[4 Wonder and pleaſure tune our voice,
To ſpeak thy praiſes and our joys:
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taſte of richeſt wine.]

5 Though in ourſelves deform'd we are,
And black as *Kedars* tents appear;
Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of *Solomon*.

[6 While at his table ſits the King,
He loves to ſee us ſmile and ſing:
Our graces are our beſt perfume,
And breathe, like ſpikenard, round the room.]

7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Chriſt to me;
And while he makes my ſoul his gueſt,
My boſom, Lord, ſhall be thy reſt.

[8 No beams of cedar or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare;
And here we wait until thy love
Raiſe us to nobler ſeats above.]

LXVII. *Seeking the paſtures of* Chriſt *the Shepherd*, Solomon's Song, i. 7.

THOU, whom my ſoul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me dear Shepherd let me know
Where do thy ſweeteſt paſtures grow?

2 Where is the ſhadow of that rock,
Which from the ſun defends thy flock?

Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
Who turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

[4 The footsteps of thy flocks I see—
Thy sweetest pastures, here they be,
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood,
Here to these hills my soul will come,
'Till my beloved lead me home.]

LXVIII. *Banquet of love*, Sol. Song ii. ...

BEHOLD the Rose of *Sharon* here,
The Lily which the vallies bear!
Behold the Tree of Life which gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves!

2 Among the thorns so lilies shine,
Among wild gourds the noble vine;
So, in my eyes, my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling shade I sit.
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit he spread a feast,
To feed my eyes and please my taste.

4 Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stood the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5 With living bread and gen'rous wine,
He chear'd this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shew'd his thoughts, how kind they be.

6 O, Never let my Lord depart!
Lie down, and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Disturb, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

LXIX. Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her company, Sol. Song, ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

THE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief!

2 Now through the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks on me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
Rise, saith my Lord, *make haste away*,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 *The* Jewish *wint'ry state is gone,*
The mists are fled, the Spring comes on;
The sacred Turtle Dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 *Th' Immortal Vine of heav'nly root*
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit;
Lo! we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

6 And when we hear our *Jesus say*,
Rise up, my love and haste away!
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

LXX. Christ *inviting and the Church answering the invitation*, Sol. Song, ii. 14. 16. 17.

HARK! the redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;

4 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink nor love grow cold.

5 O! let each minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The King of Grace, shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

LXXIII. *The Church's beauty in the eyes of Christ,*
Sol. Song, iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word;
Lo, thou art fair my love, he cries,
Not the young doves have sweeter eyes,

[2 *Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice*
Salutes mine ear with secret joys;
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk nor honey tastes so well.]

3 *Thou art all fair, my bride to me,*
I will behold no spot in thee.
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms!

4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.

5 *My sister and my spouse* he cries
Bound to my heart by var'ous ties:
The pow'rful love my heart retains
In strong delight and pleasing chains.

6 He calls me from the leopard's den
From the wide world of beasts and men,

To *Zion* where his glories are—
Not *Lebanon* is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When *Christ* invites my soul away.

LXXIV. *The Church the garden of* Christ, Solomon Song, iv. 12, 13, 15, *and* v. 1.

WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot, enclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand;
And all his springs in *Zion* flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume!
Spirit Divine, descend and breathe,
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour-God;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

[5 Let my beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:—
I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey milk or wine.

7 *Eat of the Tree of Life my friends,*
The blessings which my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.

From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks and calls us out.

2 *My dove, who hidest in the rock,*
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
Lift up thy face forget thy fear,
And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 *Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet,*
My graces in thy count'nance meet
Though the vain world thy face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes

4 Dear Lord our thankful heart receives,
The hope thine invitation gives.
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.

5 I am my Love's and he is mine;
Our hearts our hopes our passions join,
Nor let a motion nor a word,
Nor thought arise, to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Among the lilies where he feeds,
Among the saints, (whose robes are white
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 'Till the day break and shadows flee,
'Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour from my side.

LXXI. Christ *found in the street, and brought to the Church,* Sol. Song, iii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love my soul's delight.

With warm desire, and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I arise and search the street,
'Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet.
I ask the watchmen of the night,
Where did you see my soul's delight?

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

[4 I bring him to my mother's home,
(Nor does my Lord refuse to come)
To *Zion's* sacred chambers where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin nor hell, come near my heart,
To cause my Saviour to depart.

LXXII. *Coronation of* Christ *and Espousals of the Church*, Sol. Song, iii. 2.

DAUGHTERS of *Zion* come behold
The crown of honor and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joy, unknown,
Plac'd on the head of *Solomon*.

2 *Jesus* thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord to thee;
Like the dear hour, when from above,
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love,

8 *Jesus*, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord.
But the rich food, on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

LXXV. *The description of* Christ *the beloved*, Sol. Song, v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

THE wond'ring world enquires to know,
Why I should love my *Jesus* so:
What are his charms, say they, above
The objects of a mortal love?

2 Yes my Beloved, to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white;
All human beauties, all divine,
In my Beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,
A sun, among ten thousand stars.

[4 His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory like a crown adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns!

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge the piercing spear.]

[6 His hands are fairer to behold,
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
Those heav'nly hands, which on the tree
Were nail'd and torn, and bled for me;

7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs, like marble pillars, stand.]

[8 His eyes are majesty and love—
The eagle temper'd with the dove,

No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.]

9 His mouth which pour'd out long complaints
Now smiles and chears his fainting saints:
His countenance more graceful is
Than *Lebanon*, with all its trees.

10 All over glor'ous is my Lord,
Must be belov'd and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

LXXVI. Christ *dwells in heaven but visits on Earth*, Sol. Song, vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

WHEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

3 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown:
But he descends and shews his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

[3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

[5 He takes my soul e'er I'am aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No char'ot of *Aminadib*
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
'Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell forever with my love.

LXXVII. *The love of Christ to the Church, Sol. Song, vii. 5, 6, 9, 11, 13.*

NOW in the gall'ries of his grace,
Appears the King, and thus he says:
How fair my saints are in my sight,
My love, how pleasant for delight!

2 Kind is thy language, Sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word:
From that dear mouth, a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints, who were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name.
And makes our cold affections flame.

4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits, new and old, laid up in store,
There we shall feed—but thirst no more.

LXXVIII. *Strength of* Christ's *love, and the soul's jealousy of her own,* Sol. Song, viii. 5, &c.

WHO is this fair one, in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And, press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2 This is the spouse of Christ, our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood,
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.

3 "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on thy heart and on thy hand;

"Seal me upon thine arm and wear
"That pledge of love forever there.

4 "Stronger than death, my love is known,
"Which floods of wrath could never drown;
"And hell and earth, in vain combine,
"To quench a fire so much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my heart,
"Lest it should once from Thee depart;
"Then let thy name be well impress'd,
"As a fair signet on my breast.

6 "'Till thou hast brought me to thy home
"Where fears and doubts can never come;
"Thy count'nance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.

7 "Come, my beloved, haste away;
"Cut short the hours of thy delay;
"Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
"Over the hills where spices grow."

LXXIX. *A morning Hymn*, Psalm xix. 5, 8, and lxxiii. 24, 25.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The chearful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins—
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the Sun, may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heav'nly way!

4 But I shall rove, and lose the race,
If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

LXXX. *An evening Hymn*, Psalm iv 8, and iii. 5, 6, and cxliii. 8.

THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memor'al of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past:
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the foes of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God, in safety, makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

[5 Faith, in His Name, forbids my fear
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And, in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice—to rouse my tomb—
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

LXXXI. *A Song for Morning or Evening.* Lam. [illegible] iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

MY God, how endless is thy love;
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy Sov'reign Word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowzy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to Thy command,
To Thee, I consecrate my days,
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

LXXXII. *God far above creatures.* Job iv. 17, 21.

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than He?

2 Behold! He puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise,

3 But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay?
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish, like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;
Bury'd in dust, whole nations lie
Like a forgotton vanity.

5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow;
How frail are we! how glor'ous thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare!

LXXXIII. *Afflictions under Providence*, Job, v. 6.

NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance ;
Yet we are born to cares and woes ;
A sad inheritance !

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne ;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up, to mourn.

3 Yet, with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace ;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.

4 Not all the pains which e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace—
For death and hell, can do no more
Than what my Father please.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in Christ*, Isa. xlv 21—25.

JEHOVAH speaks ! let Isr'el hear !
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
While God's Eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honors, and his names :

2 "I am the LAST, and I the FIRST,
"The Saviour-God, and God the just ;
"There's none beside pretends to shew
"Such justice and salvation too.

3 "Ye, who in shades of darkness dwell,
"Just on the verge of death and hell—
"Look up to me, from distant lands,
"Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hands.

4 "I by my Holy Name have sworn,
"Nor shall the word, in vain, return ;
"To Me, shall all things bend the knee,
"And ev'ry tongue shall swear to Me.

5 " In ME alone, shall men confess
" Lies all their strength and their confidence;
" But such as dare despise my name,
" I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 " In me, the Lord shall all the seed
" Of Isr'el, from their sins be freed;
" And, by their shining graces prove,
" Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

LXXXV. *The same.*

THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne;
" Mercy and justice are the names
" By which I will be known.

2 " Ye dying souls, who sit
" In darkness and distress,
" Look, from the borders of the pit,
" To my recov'ring grace."

3 Sinners shall hear the sound:
Their thankful songs shall own,
Our righteousness and strength are found
In Thee, the Lord, alone.

4 In Thee, shall Isr'el trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n:
God will pronounce the sinners just
And take the saints to heav'n.

LXXXVI. *God Holy, Just, and Sovereign.* Job ix.

HOW should the sons of *Adam's* race
Be pure before their God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults,
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is His arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
'Gainst their Maker's hand to raise,
Or tempt th' unequal war?

[4 Mountains, by his Almighty wrath,
From their own seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the Sun forbear to rise,
Th' obed'ent Sun forbears!
His hand, with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea—
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

LXXXVII. *God dwells with the Humble and Penitent*, Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

THUS saith the High and Lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
"My name is GOD, I dwell on high—
"Dwell in mine own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below—
"On earth! I have a mansion too:
"The humble spirit and contrite,
"Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul, my words revive,
"I bid the mourning sinner live;
"Heal all the broken hearts I find;
"And ease the sorrows of the mind.

[4 "When I contend against their sin,
"I make them know—*how vile they've been*;
"But should my wrath forever smoke,
"Their soul's would sink beneath My stroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

LXXXVIII. *Life the day of grace and hope*, Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour which God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell to fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sence are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found
Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

LXXXIX. *Youth and Judgment*. Eccl. xi. 9.

YE sons of *Adam*, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire.
And give a loose to all your fire.

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth—but know—
There is a day of judgment too!

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts;
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror through:
How will you stand before His face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From the alluring vanities!
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

XC. *The same.*

LO, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove;
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know,
The strict account, which God requires,
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high;
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test:
I give all mortal joys away
To be forever blest.

XCI. *Advice to Youth*, Eccl. xii. 1, 7.

NOW in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your creator, God;
Behold the months come hast'ning on.
When you shall say—*my joys are gone!*

2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King! I fear Thy Name;
Teach me to know—how frail I am—
And, when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

XCII. Christ, *Wisdom of God*, Pro. viii. 1, 22, &c.

SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's ETERNAL WORD,
Deserves it no regard?

2 "I was his chief delight,
"His Everlasting Son,
"Before the first of all his works,
"Creation was begun.

[3 "Before the flying clouds,
"Before the solid land,
"Before the fields, before the floods,
"I dwelt at his right hand.

4 "When He adorn'd the skies,
"And built them—I was there,
"To order when the sun should rise,
"And marshal ev'ry star.

5 "When He pour'd out the sea,
"And spread the flowing deep,
"I gave the flood a firm decree,
"In its own bounds to keep—

6 "Upon the empty air,
"The earth was balanc'd well;
"With joy I saw the mansion, where
"The sons of men should dwell.

7 "My busy thoughts at first
"On their salvation ran,
"E'er sin was born, or *Adam's* dust
"Was fashion'd to a man.

8 "Then come, receive my grace,
"Ye children, and be wise;
"Happy the man who keeps my ways;
"The man who shuns them, dies."

XCIII. *Wisdom obeyed or Resisted*, Pro. viii. 34, 36.

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord—
"Bless'd is the man who hears my word,
"Keeps daily watch before my gates,
"And, at my feet, for mercy waits.

2 "The soul that seeks me, shall obtain
"Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
"Immortal life is his reward—
"Life—and the favour of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch who flies from me,
"Doth his own soul an injury;
"Fools, who against my grace rebel,
"Seek death—and love the road to hell."

XCIV. *Justification by Faith; not by Works*— Rom. iii. 19—22.

VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let *Jews* and *Gentiles* stop their mouths
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of *Adam* stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since—to convince, and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus how glorious is thy grace,
When in Thy Name we trust;
Our faith receives a righteousness
Which makes the sinner just.

XCV. *Regeneration*, John i. 13, and iii. 3, &c.

NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites, which God has giv'n,
Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

2 The Sov'reign Will of God, alone,
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son.
A new peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake—and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

XCVI. *Election excludes Boasting*, 1 Cor. i 26, 31.

BUT few among the carnal wise,
But few, of noble race
Obtain the favor of thine eyes,
Almighty King of Grace.

He takes the men of meanest name,
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus, he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.

5 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

6 Nature has all its glory lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

XCVII. Christ our *righteousness*, 1 Cor. i. 30.

BURY'D in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing—*the Lord our righteousness!*

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains:
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty ALL,—and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

XCVIII. *The same.*

HOW heavy is the night
Which hangs upon our eyes,
'Till Christ, with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n:
'Till in his righteousness array'd
We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God—
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood!

XCIX. *Stones made children of Abraham. Matth.*

VAIN are the hopes which rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race
(Their father now with God.)

2 He, from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new created sons.

3 Such wond'rous pow'r he doth possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness;
The world obey'd, and came.

C. *Believe and be Saved*, John, iii. 16, 17, 18.

NOT to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder here.

2 Such was the pity of our God—
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Savours word.
Trust in His Mighty Name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But, vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace:
Who God's Eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

CI. *Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner*, Lu. xv.

WHO can describe the joys, which rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy, the Father doth approve
The Fruit of his Eternal Love;
The Son, with joy, looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join, to sing
The growing empire of their King.

CII. *The Beatitudes*, Matt. v. 1——12.

BLEST are the humble souls, who see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

[2 Bleſt are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin, with inward ſmart!
The blood of Chriſt divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bleſt are the meek, who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
God will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.

4 Bleſt are the ſouls who thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living ſtreams, and living bread.

5 Bleſt are the men whoſe bowels move,
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From Chriſt the Lord, they ſhall obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.

6 Bleſt are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.

7 Bleſt are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God—the God of peace.

8 Bleſt are the ſuff'rers, who partake
Of pain and ſhame, for Jeſus ſake;
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.]

CIII. *Not aſhamed of the Goſpel*, 2 Tim. 1, 12.

I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
  Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honor of his word,
  The glory of his croſs.

2 *Jeſus* my God! I know his name,
  His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
  Nor let my hope be loſt.

3 Firm as his Throne, his promise stands,
  And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
  'Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
  Before his Father's face;
And, in the new Jerusalem,
  Appoint my soul a place.

CIV. *State of Nature & Grace*, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

NOT the malicious or profane,
  The wanton, or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor sland'rers shall obtain
  The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
  By nature, and by sin;
Heirs of immortal misery,
  Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
  We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good Spirit of our God
  Has sanctify'd our frame.

4 O, for a persev'ring pow'r
  To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
  No more pollute our hands.

CV. *Heaven invisible and Holy*, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

NOR eye hath seen nor ear hath heard,
  Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
  For those who love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
  Reveals a heaven to come;

The beams of glory, in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But fol'wers of the *Lamb*.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life;
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite, in vain, shall strive,
To tread the heav'nly ground.

CVI. *Dead to Sin by the Cross of Christ*, Ro. vi. 1.

SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty.

CVII. *The fall and recovery of man*, Or, *Christ and Satan at Enmity*, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father fell;
When satan, in the serpent, hid,
Propos'd the fruit which God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning: Death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But satan found a worse reward;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord—
"Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

"4 The woman's seed shall be My Son;
"He shall destroy what thou hast done—
"Shall break thy head—and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

[5 He spake—and bid four thousand years
Roll on—at length his Son appears:
Angels, with joy, descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies!
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

CVIII. Christ *Unseen and Beloved*, 1 Pet. i. 8.

NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord;
Yet, we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

CIX. *The value of Christ, and his Righteousness,* Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

NO more, my God, I boast no more
O all the duties I have done:
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his Name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss, for Jesus' sake;
O, may my soul be found in Him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy Throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CX. *Death and immediate Glory.* 2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
'Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he by his Almighty grace,
Who forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come—
Faith lives upon his word;
But, while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we would rather see;
We wou'd be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

CXI. *Salvation by Grace*, Titus iii. 3—7.

LORD, we confess our num'rous faults
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding through His Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

9 Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

CXII. *Looking to* Jesus, John iii. 14, 15.

SO did the *Hebrew* prophet raise
The brazen Serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forebore to die.

2 *Look upward in the dying hour,*
And live—the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung;
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

CXIII. Abraham's *Blessing on the Gentiles.*
Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

HOW large the promise! how divine!
To Abraham, and his seed;
"—I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

2 The words of this extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus, the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them—*heirs of heaven.*

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

CXIV. *The same,* Romans, xi. 16, 17.

GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;
Grace takes us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

2 With the same blessings, grace endows
 The *Gentile* and the *Jew*;
If pure and holy be the root,
 Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
 Be dedicate to God;
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
 And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed,
 Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

CXV. *Conviction of Sin, by the Law*, Ro. vii. 8, &c.

LORD, how secure my conscience was,
 And felt no inward dread;
I was alive, without the *law*,
 And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
 But since the precept came,
With a convincing pow'r and light,
 I find how vile I am.

[3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
 'Til, terribly, I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure,
 Was thine Eternal Law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load;
 My sins reviv'd again:
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were slain.]

5 I'm like a helpless captive, sold,
 Under the pow'r of sin;
I cannot do the good I would,
 Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I'll cry with ev'ry breath,
 For some kind pow'r to save,

To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

CXVI. *Love to God and our neighbour.* Mat. xxii. 37—40.

THUS saith the first and great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
"To love thy Maker and thy God,
"With utmost vigor and delight.

2 "Then shall thy neighbour next in place
"Share thine affections and esteem,
"And let thy kindness to thyself
"Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense which Moses spoke,
This did the prophets teach and prove;
For want of this, the law is broke;
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But Oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

CXVII. *Election, sovereign and free.* Ro. ix. 21.

BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms his vessels as he pleafe;
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?

3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?

4 What if to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,

Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

5 What if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?

6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

CXVIII *Moses & Christ: or Sins against the Law and Gospel.* John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3. 5. 6. x. 28.

THE law by Moses came,
  But peace, and truth and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
  Descending from above.

2 'Midst the house of God
  Their diff'rent works were done;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
  But Christ—*a faithful Son*—

3 Then to his new commands
  Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
  The Sov'reign and the Head.

4 The man who durst despise
  The law which Moses brought,

Behold! how terribly he dies
  For his preſumpt'ous fault;

5 But ſorer vengeance falls
  On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jeſus calls
  And dare reſiſt his grace.

CXIX. *The different ſucceſs of the Goſpel,* 1 Cor. i. 23, 24—2 Cor. ii. 15—2 Cor. iii. 6. 7.

CHRIST and his croſs are all our theme;
  The myſt'ries that we ſpeak,
Are ſcandal in the Jews' eſteem,
  And folly to the Greek:

2 But ſouls enlight'ned from above,
  With joy receive the word!
They ſee what wiſdom, pow'r and love,
  Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital ſavor of his name
  Reſtores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the ſame
  To guilt, deſpair and death.

4 'Till God diffuſe his graces down,
  Like ſhow'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos ſows the ground,
  And Paul may plant in vain.

CXX. *Faith of things unſeen,* Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8.

FAITH is the brighteſt evidence
  Of things beyond our ſight,
Breaks through the clouds of fleſh and ſenſe,
  And dwells in heav'nly light.

3 It ſets time paſt in preſent view,
  Brings diſtant proſpects home,
Of things a thouſand years ago,
  Or thouſand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
  By God's Almighty Word;

Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city fair, and high,
Built by th' Eternal Hand's;
And faith assures us, though we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

CXXI. *Children devoted to God*, Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts, xvi, 14, 15, 33.

(*For those who practise Infant Baptism.*)

THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
"I'll bless thy num'rous race—and they
"Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
Which once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His houshold to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, Eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace;
To Thee, their infant offspring bring
And humbly claim thy grace.

CXXII. *Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.* Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

DO we not know that solemn word—
That we are buri'd with the Lord;
Baptis'd into his death and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption guilt and death:

So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The var'ous lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The Repenting Prodigal*, Lu. xv. 13.

BEHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate;
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

2 "I die with hunger, here (he cries)
"I starve in foreign lands;
"My Father's house has large supplies,
"And bount'ous are his hands.

3 "I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,
"Fall down before his face;
"Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
"Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said—and hast'ned to his home,
To seek his Father's love;
The Farher saw the rebel come—
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran—and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done

6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
(The Father gives command)
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
"With rings adorn his hand.

7 "A day of feasting I ordain;
"Let mirth and joy abound;
"My son was dead and lives again,
"Was lost, and now is found."

CXXIV. *The first and the Second* Adam, Ro. v 12.

DEEP in the dust, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
Great God, we own th' unhappy name
Whence sprang our nature and our shame.

2 *Adam*, the sinner—At his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd us all;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head

3 But while our spirits fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honors of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
ADAM THE SECOND, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the *first*.

[5 By the rebellion of one man,
Through all his seed the mischief ran;
And by one man's obed'ence now
Are all his seed made righteous too.]

6 Where sin did reign and death abound.
There have the sons of *Adam* found
Abounding life—thus glor'ous grace
Reigns through the Lord, our righteousness.

CXXV Christ's *Compassion to the Weak and Tempted*. Heb. iv. 15, 16, and v. 9, Mat. xii. 20.

WITH joy, we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest, above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame—

He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood:
While satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

[5 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame,
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

CXXVI. *Charity and Uncharitableness*, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress
Compose the kingdom of our Lord—
But peace and joy and righteousness,
Faith, and obed'ence to his word.

2 When weaker christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence;
Meekness and love our souls persue;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

CXXVII. *Christ's invitation to sinners*, Mat. xi.

" COME hither, all ye weary souls,
" Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;

"I'll give you rest from all your toils,
"And raise you to my heav'nly home,

2 "They shall find rest who learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But passion rages like the sea,
"And pride is restless as the wind.

3 "Blest is the man whose shoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight:
"My yoke is easy to his neck:
"My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy Hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

CXXVIII. *The Apostles' Commission*, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Mat. xxviii. 18, &c.

"GO preach my gospel, saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
"He shall be sav'd who trusts my word;
"He shall be damn'd who won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commission known,
"And you shall prove my gospel true,
"By all the works which I have done,
"By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
"Go cast out devils in my name;
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,
"Though Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme.

4 "Teach all the nations my commands—
"I'm with you 'till the world shall end;
"All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
"I can destroy and I defend."

5 He spake—and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode

They to the fartheſt nations ſpread
The grace of their aſcended God.

CXXIX. *Submiſſion and Deliverance*, Gen. xxii. 6.

SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He ſhall reſtore what you reſign,
Or grant you bleſſings *more divine*.

2 So *Abra'm*, with obed'ent hand,
Led forth his ſon, at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful ſtroke.

3 " *Abra'm*, forbear, the angel cry'd,
" Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
" Thy ſon ſhall live—and in thy ſeed
" Shall the whole earth be bleſs'd indeed."

4 Juſt in the laſt diſtreſſing hour
The Lord diſplays deliv'ring pow'r:
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we ſhall ſee ſurprizing grace.

CXXX. *Love and Hatred*. Phi. ii. 2. Ep. iv. 30.

NOW by the bowels of my God,
His ſharp diſtreſs, his ſore complaints;
By his laſt groans, his dying blood,
I charge my ſoul to love the ſaints.

2 Clamor, and wrath, and war, be gone—
Envy and ſpite forever ceaſe;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the ſaints, the ſons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noiſe and ſtrife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love,
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts—
Through all our lives, let mercy run;

So God forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear ſake of Chriſt, his Son.

CXXXI *Phariſee and Publican*. Lu. xviii. 10.

BEHOLD how ſinners diſagree—
The Publican and Phariſee!
One doth his righteouſneſs proclaim;
The other owns his guilt and ſhame.

2 *This* man at humble diſtance ſtands,
And cries for grace, with lifted hands;
That boldly riſes near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent anſwers he beſtows;
The humble ſoul with grace he crowns,
While on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boaſting Phariſee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the ſuff'rings of thy Son.

CXXXII. *Holineſs and Grace*. Tit. ii. 10—13.

SO let our lips and lives expreſs,
The holy Goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine
To prove the doctrine ALL DIVINE.

2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour-God;
When the Salvation reigns within
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

3 Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,

The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith ftands leaning on his word.

CXXXIII. *Love and Charity*, 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7.

LET Pharifees of high efteem,
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love fuffers long, with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in hafte;
She lets the prefent inj'ry die,
And long forgets the paft.

[3 Malice and rage, thofe fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though fhe endures the wrong.

4 She nor defires, nor feeks to know
The fcandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on thofe below,
Nor envies thofe who climb.

5 She lays her own advantage by
To feek her neighbor's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.]

6 Love is the grace which keeps her pow'r,
In realms of light above;
Their faith and hope are known no more,
But faints forever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without Love*, 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler fpeech than angels ufe,
If love be abfent, I am found
Like tinkling brafs, an empty found.

2 Were I infpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,

Or, could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing, without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame:
To gain a martyr's glor'ous name—

4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent—*all my hopes are vain:*
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

CXXXV. *The love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart*, Eph. iii. 16, &c.

COME dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel
The joys which cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and Hypocrisy; or, Formality in worship*: Job. iv. 23. Psl. cxxix. 23.

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise;
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries.
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth, before his throne,
With honor can appear;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees, the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by Grace*, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

NOW to the pow'r of God Supreme,
Be everlasting honors giv'n;
He saves from hell—(we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for His praise.

3 'Twas his mere pleasure which begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die:
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord, appears at last,
And makes h. Father's counsels known
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies—and in that dreadful night,
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;
Rising he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

CXXXVIII. *Saints in the Hands of Christ*, John. x, 28, 29.

FIRM as the earth Thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope my trust;
If I am found in Jesus, hands
My soul can ne'er be lost,

2 His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All which his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor, death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must forever rest.

CXXXIX. *Hope in the Covenant*, Heb. vi 17, 19.

HOW oft have sin and satan strove
To rend my soul from Thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal Pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptation sharp and long,
My soul to this dear Refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

CXL. *A living and a Dead Faith, collected from several Scriptures.*

MISTAKEN souls! who dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;

None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith which works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith which conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r:
This is the grace which shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean:
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.

CXLI. *The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ,*
Isa. liii 1---5, 10---12.

WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy Salvation known?
Reveal thine arm Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son!

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of Justice pleas'd to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

5 " But I'll prolong his days.
" And make his kingdom stand:
" My pleasure, (saith the God of grace)
" Shall prosper in his hand.

[6 " His joyful soul shall see
" The purchase of his pain;
" And by his knowledge justify
" The guilty sons of men.

7 " Ten thousand captive slaves
" Releas'd from death and sin,
" Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
" And own His pow'r divine.

8 " Heav'n shall advance My Son
" To joys which earth deny'd;
" He saw the follies men had done,
" And bore their sins, and dy'd."

CXLII. *The same*, Isa. liii. 6—9, 12.

LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all—*the downward road*.

2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid—
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!

3 How glor'ous was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

4 His honor and his breath
Were taken both away;

Join'd with the wicked, in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But, God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.

6 "I'll give him, (saith the Lord)
"A portion with the strong;
"He shall possess a large reward.
"And hold his honors long."

CXLIII. *Characters of the Children of God.*

AS new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints, with joy, the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

[2 With inward gust their heart approves
All which the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates]

[3 Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth,
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains which tyrants use,
Can bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thousand victories.]

[5 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides, and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

6 Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest pow'rs they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find accefs at ev'ry hour
To God, within the vail:
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys, which never fail.

8 O happy fou's! O glorious ftate
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell fo near their Father's feat,
And fee his lovely face!

9 Lord, I addrefs thy heav'nly throne—
Call me a child of Thine;
Send down the fpirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

10 There fhed thy choifeft love abroad
And make my comforts ftrong;
Then fhall I fay—*My Father God*,
With an unwav ring tongue.

CXLIV. *The Witneffing and fealing Spirit*, Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

WHY fhould the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, defcend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace!

2 Doft thou not dwell in all thy faints,
And feal the heirs of Heav'n?
When wilt thou banifh my complaints,
And fhew my fins forgiv'n?

3 Affure my confcience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witnefs with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earneft of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy foft wings, Celeftial Dove!
Will fafe convey me home.

CXLV. *Christ and Aaron, taken from* Heb. vii. 9

JESUS, in Thee, our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The Sons of Aaron wore.

2 They first their own burnt-off'rings brought
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their alter spilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away
Forever, all our guilt.

4 Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never-changing office stands
Eternal as thy days.

5 Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appear'd
Before the golden throne.

6 *But Christ by his own pow'rful blood,*
Ascends above the skies:
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.

7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face,
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt thy Father's grace.

CXLVI. *Characters of Christ.*

GO, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See, in his face what wonders meet;

Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But ſome faint ſhadows of my Lord;
Nature to make his beauties known,
Muſt mingle colours, not her own.

3 *Is be compar'd to Wine or Bread?*
Dear Lord our ſouls would thus be fed:
That fleſh, that dying blood of thine
Is bread of life—is heav'nly wine

4 *Is He a Tree?* The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
The righteous branch, that fruitful bough
Is David's root and offspring too.

5 *Is He a Roſe?* Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or, if the Lily he aſſume,
The vallies bleſs the rich perfume.

6 *Is He a Vine?* His heav'n'ly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O, let a laſting union join
My ſoul to Chriſt, the living Vine!

7 *Is He the Head?* Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The ſaints below and ſaints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

8 *Is He a fountain?* There I'll bathe,
And heal the plague of ſin and death:
Theſe waters all my ſoul renew,
And cleanſe my ſpotted garments too.

9 *Is He a Fire?* He'll purge my droſs:
But the true gold ſuſtains no loſs:
Like a refiner ſhall he ſit—
And tread the refuſe with his feet.

10 *Is He a Rock?* How firm he proves;
The Rock of Ages never moves;

Yet the sweet streams which from him flow,
Attend us all the desart through.

[11 *Is He a Way?* He leads to God—
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

[12 *Is He a Door?* I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green!
A paradise—divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

[13 *Is He design'd a Corner-Stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?*
I'll make him my foundation too;
Nor fear the plots of hell below.

14 *Is He a temple?* I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still, to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.

15 *Is He a Star?* He breaks the night;
Piercing the shades with dawning light:
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the Morning Star.

16 *Is He a Sun?* His beams are grace;
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]

17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines, and reigns th' Incarnate God.

18 Nor earth nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties who can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

CXLVII.—*The Names and Titles of* Christ.

TIS from the treasures of his word,
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's Face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays;
Th' Eternal God's eternal Son—
The Heir and Partner of his throne.

3 The King of kings—the Lord most high
Writes his own name upon his thigh;
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nation with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love;
Awakes his wrath, without deley,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes!
Light of the world, and life of men;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediators part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends:
And saints in full fruition, prove
His rich variety of love.

CXLVIII. *The same*

WITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord;
And borrow all the names
Of honor, from his word;

Nature and art
Can ne'er ſupply
Sufficient forms
Of Majeſty.

2 In Jeſus we behold
His Father's glorious face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays:
Th' Eternal God's
Eternal Son,
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.

3 The ſov'reign King of kings,
The Lord of lords, moſt high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment, and his thigh:
His name is call'd
The word of God;
He rules the earth
With iron rod.

4 Where promiſes and grace,
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb reſents
The inj'ries of his love;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

5 But, when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentler characters,
What titles he aſſumes!
Light of the world,
And life of men;
Nor will he bear
Thoſe names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.
He is a friend
And brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends;
And drives the rebels far
From favorites and friends.
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

CXLXI. *Offices of Christ from the Scriptures.*

JOIN all the names of love and pow'r,
Which ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes, with joy and wonder, see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 The angel of the cov'nant stands
With his commission in his hands;
Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet, let me bless Thy name!
By thee the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of sin forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 My bright example, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O never let me run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!

6 I love my Shepherd—he ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul among his ſheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his boſom bears the lambs.

7 My Surety undertakes my cauſe,
Anſw'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold, my ſoul at freedom ſet!
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Jeſus, my great High-Prieſt, has dy'd—
I ſeek no ſacrifice beſide:
His blood did once for all atone.
And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My advocate appears on high—
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can ſay
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy ſceptre, and thy ſword I ſing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I ſit
A joyful ſubject at thy feet.

11 Aſpire, my ſoul, to glorious deeds—
The Captain of Salvation leads—
March on—nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obſtruct the way.

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown
Put all their forms of miſchief on;
I ſhall be ſafe—for Chriſt diſplays
Salvation in more ſov'reign ways.

——CL—*The ſame*——

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love and pow'r,
Which ever mortals knew,
Which angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his worth,

Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

2 But, O, what gentler terms!
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use.
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes, with joy
And wonder, see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He, like an angel, stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from,
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our Salvation came;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n!

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide
And through this desart land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way!

6 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eye shall keep

My wand'ring ſoul among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His boſom bears
The tender lambs.

7 To this dear Surety's Hand
Will I commit my cauſe;
He anſwers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws,
Behold my ſoul
At freedom ſet,
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.

8 Jeſus, my great High Prieſt,
Offer'd his Blood, and dy'd—
My guilty conſcience ſeeks
No ſacrifice beſide.
His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

9 My advocate appears
For my defence, on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.
Not all which hell
Or ſin can ſay,
Shall turn his heart,
His love away.

10 My dear almighty Lord,
My Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy ſceptre, and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace I ſing.
Thine is the pow'r—
Behold I ſit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.

11 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Though death and hell
Obstruct the way.

12 Should all the hosts of death
And pow'rs of hell, unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe—
For Christ displays
Superior pow'r,
And guardian grace.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON

DIVINE SUBJECTS.

I. *A song of Praise to God from* AMERICA.

NATURE, with all her pow'rs, ſhall ſing
God the Creator, and the King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor ſkies, nor ſeas,
Deny the tribute of their praiſe.

2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye Seraphs, who ſit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and ſpread the ſound
To the creation's utmoſt bound.

3 All mortal things, of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilſt, with our ſouls, and with our voice,
We ſing his honors, and our joys.

4 To Him be ſacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave;
Our lips ſhall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word—*a miracle.*

5 This Weſtern World, our native land,
Lies ſafe in the Almighty's hand;

Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And shake the captivating chain.

6 He builds for liberty a throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive rulers kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.

7 Raise monumental praises high
To him who thunders through the sky,
And, with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

8 Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumph's of th' Eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honors of *the God of war*.

9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Zion pronounce, with warmest joy,
Hosannas from ten thousand tongues.

10 Ye mighty God, our feeble frame
Attemps in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes which angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

II.—*The death of a Sinner*.—

MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed!

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay
'Till like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away!

3 Then swift and dreadful, she descends
Down to the fiery coast;

Among abominable fiends,
  Herself, *a frightful ghost.*

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
  And darkness makes their chains,
Tortur'd with keen despair, they cry—
  Yet wait for fiercer pains.

5 Not all their anguish, and their blood,
  For their old guilt atones;
Nor the compassion of a God
  Shall hearken to their groans.

6 Amazing grace, which kept my breath,
  Nor bid my soul remove,
'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
  And well insur'd his love.

III. *The death and burial of a Saint.*

WHY do we mourn departing friends?
  Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends
  To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
  As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
  To keep us from our Love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey,
  Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
  And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
  And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
  But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
  And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,
  At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake ye nations, under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

IV. *Salvation in the Cross.*

HERE, at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all which tyrants think or say,
With rage and light'ning in their eyes—]
Nor hell should fright my soul away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm, this heart should lie;
Resolv'd, (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish—here to die.

4 But speak my Lord, and calm my fears,
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes—I'm secure beneath Thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim:
Hosanna to my dying God!
And my best honors to His name.

V. *Longing to praise Christ better.*

LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honor'd by the cross:

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man who groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side—

3 My paſſions riſe, and ſoar above—
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes which Gabriel ſings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains
For want of their immortal ſtrains:
And, in ſuch humble notes as theſe,
Falls far below thy victories.

5 Well the kind minute muſt appear,
When we ſhall leave theſe bodies here;
Theſe clogs of clay—and mount on high,
To join the ſongs above the ſky.

VI. *A Morning Song.*

ONCE more, my ſoul, the riſing day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rolls the ſkies.

2 Night unto night His name repeats;
The day renews the ſound,
Wide as the heav'n, on which he ſits
To turn the ſeaſons round.

3 'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame,
My tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe;
My ſins would rouze his wrath to flame—
And yet *his wrath delays*!

[4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withſtand;
Thy juſtice might have cruſh'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thouſand wretched ſouls are fled
Since the laſt ſetting ſun,
And yet thou length'neſt out my thread,
And yet my moments run!]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;

Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

VII. *An Evening Song.*

DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpet'al blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him who dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee:
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by Thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood.
I'd lay me down to rest:
As in th' imbraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

VIII. *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand!

2 That was a most amazing pow'r,
Which rais'd us with a word;

And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake—and we admire the bed
Which was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day!
For death stands ready at the door
To snatch our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6 God is our Sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

IX. *Godly Sorrow arising from Christ's Sufferings.*

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred Head
For such a worm as I?

[2 Thy Body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine—
And bath'd in its own blood—
While, all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glor'ous Suff'rer stood!]

3 Was it for crimes which I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown
And love, beyond degree!

4 Well might the Sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus, might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of Love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with Carnal Joys.*

MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness which I approve,
Lies not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth,
Which suits my large desire;
To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.

[4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere.
The Glorious and the Great,
Brings his own all-sufficience there,
To make our bliss compleat.]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road:
There sits my Saviour drest in love—
And there—*my smiling God.*

——XI.— *The same*——

I SEND the joys of earth away—
Away, ye tempters of the mind;

False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whist'ling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulph of black despair;
And, while I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord I adore thy matchless grace,
Which warn'd me of that dark abyss;
Which drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now, to the shining realms above
I stretch mine hands, and glance mine eyes:
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies;

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

XII. Christ *is the substance of the* Levitical Preisthood.

THE true Messiah now appears;
The types are all withdrawn:
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoaking sweets, no bleeding lambs,
Nor kid nor bullocks slain:
Incense and spice, of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest.
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 *Father*, he cries, *forgive their ſins*,
For I, myſelf have dy'd;
And then he ſhews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded ſide.

XIII. *The creation, preſervation Diſſolation, and Reſtoration of this World.*

SING to the Lord, who built the ſkies,
The Lord, who rear'd this ſtately frame;
Let all the nations ſound his praiſe,
And lands, unknown, repeat his name;

2 He form'd the ſeas and fram'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry duſt—
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And puſh'd them into motion firſt.

3 Now from his high imper'al throne,
He looks far down upon the ſpheres?
He bids the ſhining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the haſty years.

4 Thus ſhall this moving engine laſt!
'Till all his ſaints are gather'd in;
Then for the trumpet's-dreadful blaſt
To ſhake it all to duſt again!

5 Yet when the ſound ſhall tear the ſkies,
And light'nings burn the globe below—
Saints you may lift your joyful eyes.
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

XIV. *Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances.*

WELCOME, ſweet day of reſt,
Which ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome, to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day

Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

XV. *The enjoyment of* Christ.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see—
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles, with intense desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

[3 The trees of life immortal stand
In blooming rows at thy right hand;
And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Bless'd *Jesus*, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great *Immanuel*, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
Whom eyes have seen, or angels known.

XVI. *Part the second.*

LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame;
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can say—*My God is mine*;
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth call's *good or great*.

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit, and gaze away,
A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well— we shall quickly pass the night
To the fair coast of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

[5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand
While we pass through this barren land;
And, in thy temple, let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.]

XVII. God's *Eternity*.

RISE, rise, my soul and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad!
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long, e'er the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne:
E'er Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
ETERNITY's his dwelling place —
And EVER is his time.

4 While, like a tide, our minutes flow,
The present and the past:
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures look how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

6 Well—let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies;
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

XVII. *The Ministry of Angels.*

HIGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting at his awful feet.

2 "Go, saith the Lord, my Gabriel, go—
"Salute the virgin's fruitful womb:
"Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
"Sing and proclaim—the Saviour come."

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon, a heav'nly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here, we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;

With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

XIX *Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.*

LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass, our bodies stand—
And flourish bright and gay:
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone:
Strange! that a harp, of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame—
The God who built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 He spake—and straight our hearts and brains,
In all their motions rose;
Let blood, said he, *flow round the veins*,
And round the veins it flows.

6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

XX. *Backsliding and Returns.*

WHY is my heart so far from Thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,

As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee ?]

3 When my forgetful soul renews
 The favor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
 The relish, all my days.

4 But e'er one fleeting hour is past,
 The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait, to seize my taste,
 And to pollute my joys.

[5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
 With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
 And thrust thee from my arms.

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
 That I should lose thee so ;
Where will those wild affections roll
 Which let a Saviour go ?]

[7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
 And I am drown'd in grief ;
But my dear Lord returns again ;
 He flies to my relief !

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprize,
 He draws with loving bands ;
Divine compassion's in his eyes,
 And pardon's in his hands.]

[9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
 In chase of false delight !
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
 Rather than lose thy sight.

10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
 And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
 My God, my Saviour's breast !

XXI. *A Song of Praise to God the Redeemer.*

LET the old heathen tune their song
Of great Diana, and of Jove;
But the sweet theme which moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell!
How the black gulph, where satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me, when I fell!

3 How justice frown'd, and Vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain;
But the great son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover! gracious Lord!
To Thee be endless honors giv'n:
Thy wond'rous Name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

XXII. *With God is terrible Majesty.*

TERRIBLE God, who reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth, or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel-angels knew,
And satan fell beneath thy frown,
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

3 This Sodom felt—and feels it still—
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
With endless burning, who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God?

4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit:
Throw down your arms before his throne
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down:

5 And ye, bless'd saints, who love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name:
Thus all his heav'nly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

XXIII. *The Sight of God and Christ, in Heaven.*

DESCEND from heav'n immortal Dove,
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up, where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body, like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'r's before him fall;
The *God* shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While, to their golden harps, they sing;
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear—
That I shall mount to dwell above!
And stand, and bow before them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

XXIV. *The Evil of Sin visible, in the fall of Angels and Men.*

WHEN the Great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature, with a word;
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd,

2 High, in the midst of all the throng.
Satan, a tall arch-angel sat;
*Among the morning stars he sung,
'Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.

[3 'Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Grov'ling in fire, the rebel lies;
‡*How art thou sunk in darkness down,*
Son of the morning, from the skies!

4 And thus our two first parents stood,
'Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.]

[5 So sprang the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad:
Sin, the curs'd name, which in one hour,
Spoil'd six days labor of a God.

6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should sieze thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
Oh! may he slay this treach'rous guest.

7 Then to thy throne, victor'ous King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise;
Thine everlasting arm we'll sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

*Job xxxviii, 7. ‡Isa. xiv. 12.

XXV. *Camplaining of Spiritual Sloth.*

MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half so dull!

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,
How negligent we live!

3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;

We, for whose guard, the angel bands
  Come flying from above.

4 We for whom God the Son came down,
  And labor'd for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
  He purchas'd with his blood!

5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
  And never act our parts?
Come, holy dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
  And sit and warm our hearts!

6 Then shall our active spirits move;
  Upward our souls shall rise;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
  We'll fly and take the prize.

XXVI. *God invisible.*

LORD, we are blind, poor mortals, blind,
  We can't behold thy bright abode;
O! 'tis beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great ETERNAL reigns alone;
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright;
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glor'ous Lord thy gracious eyes
Look through and chear us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praise ye Him, all His Angels,* Psalm cxlviii. 2.

GOD! the Eternal awful name,
  That the whole heav'nly army fears,

Which shakes the wide creation's frame,
And satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
But O, ye fiery flames declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,
To speak so infinite a thing;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your Sov'reign King.

4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array:
Triumph and joy run through the place;
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Speak—(for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads through all your frame!
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we, on earth, have lost the name.

[6 Sing of his pow'r and justice too;
That infinite right hand of his,
Which vanquish'd satan and his crew,
When thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7 What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the rocks of long despair!

8 Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host:
You who beheld the sinking foe;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
Praise the rich grace that kept you so.

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies;
Let ev'ry distant nation hear:
And, while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and Eternity.*

STOOP down, my thoughts, which use to rise:
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down,
His pulses faint and few:
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world *adieu.*

3 But oh! the soul, which never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way!

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there:
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh, for some guardian-angel nigh,
To bear it safe above!

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into my dust.

XXIX. *Redemption by Price and Power.*

JESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part;
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,
In his own vital blood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl,
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

XXX. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let sorrows of the mind,
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly king
Should speak their joys abroad.

4 The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.

5 This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love:
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes and before we rise
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found
Glory begun, below ;
Celeſtial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope, may grow.]

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields ;
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

10 Then let our ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

XXXI. Chriſt's *Preſence makes Death eaſy.*

WHY ſhould we ſtart, and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endleſs joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying ſtrife,
Fright our approaching ſouls away ;
Still we ſhrink back again to life,
Fond of our priſon, and our clay.

3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My ſoul ſhould ſtretch her wings in haſte,
Fly fearleſs through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as ſhe paſs'd.

4 Jeſus can make a dying bed
Feel ſoft as downy pillows are,
While on his breaſt I lean my head,
And breathe my life out ſweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and Folly.*

HOW short and hasty is our life!
How vast our soul's affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moment's stay,
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 God, from on high, invites us home,
But we march heedless on;
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who taste the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel
Who break such cords of love!

5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

XXXIII. *The Bless'd Society in Heaven.*

RAISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say— there's nought below the sun,
That's worthy of thy feet.

[2 Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her might'est things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]

3 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

4 Bright, like a Sun, the Saviour [illegible]
And spreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the Sacred Dove!
While banish'd sin, and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints, and seraphs, sing and praise
The infinite THREE-ONE.

7 But O, what beams of heav'nly grace,
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in ev'ry smile!

8 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When shall I leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there?

XXXIV. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here, below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?

Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove.
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praise to God for creation & redemption.*

LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,
And send them to thy throne:
All glory to th' UNITED THREE,
The undivided ONE.

3 'Twas He, (and we'll adore his name)
Who form'd us by a word;
'Tis He restor'd our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound:
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

XXXVI. Christ's *Intercession.*

WELL, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before a God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his attoning blood.

2 No fiery vengance now:
No burning wrath comes down:
If justice calls for sinners blood.
The Saviour shews his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves;

The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing;
Jesus the Priest, receives our songs
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high;
"Hosanna to the God of Grace
"Who lays his thunder by.

6 "On earth thy mercy reigns,
"And triumphs all above;
"But Lord, how weak our mortal strains,
"To speak immortal love!

7 "How jarring and how low
"Are all the notes we sing!
"Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
"And they shall please the King."

XXXVII. *The same.*

LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats,
Where your Redeemer stays:
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well my soul, he dy'd for thee.
And shed his vital blood:
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring;
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.

4 Let others trust what names they please
Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' heav'nly hosts.

5 Jesus, alone, shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne;
He (dearest Lord) perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens ev'ry groan.

6 Ten thousand praises to the King;
Hosanna in the high'st;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love which makes our cheerful feet
In swift obed'ence move;
The devils know—and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace which lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
Let wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

XXXIX. *The Shortness and Misery of Life.*

OUR days alas! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too!
Evil and few, the Patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew,

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
Which heav'n allows to men!
And pains, and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well—if ye must be sad and few,
Run on my days in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

XL. *Our Comfort in the Covenant made with Christ.*

OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
His glory, and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

XLI. *A sight of God mortifies us to the World.*

UP to the fields, where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out, and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy won'drous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies;
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes.

4 Had I a glance of Thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might sigh, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf
While ratt'ling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face;
And all my pow'rs shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur, and thy grace.

XLII. *Delight in God.*

MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above, at thy right hand!
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a chearful note:
The lark mounts up toward thy skies,
And tunes her warbling throat:

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
Do shout with joyful tongues;
Or sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing, and mount on high;
But, if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
Bemoan her widow'd state,

Wand'ring, ſhe flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate;

[6 Juſt ſo, our thoughts, from thing to thing,
In reſtleſs circles rove;
Juſt ſo, we droop, and hang the wing,
When Jeſus hides his love.]

XLIII Chriſt's *Sufferings and Glory.*

NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How ſwift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlaſting love!

3 Down to this baſe, this ſinful earth,
He came to raiſe our nature high;
He came t'atone Almighty wrath—
Jeſus, the God, was born to die.

[4 Hell, and its lions, roar'd around;
His precious blood the monſters ſpilt;
While weighty ſorrows preſs'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5 Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death,
Th' Almighty captive pris'ner lay;
Th' Almighty captive left the earth,
And roſe to everlaſting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye ſons of light,
Up to his throne of ſhining grace;
See what immortal glories ſit
Round the ſweet beauties of his face!

7 Among a thouſand harps and ſongs,
Jeſus, the God, exalted reigns;
His ſacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains!

XLIV, *Hell; or, the Vengeance of God.*

WITH holy fear, and humble ſong,
The dreadful God our ſouls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
Which ſpeaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2 Far, in the deep, where darkneſs dwells,
The land of horror and deſpair,
Juſtice has built a diſmal hell,
And laid her ſtores of vengeance there.

3 Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts, t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned ſouls.

4 There ſatan, the firſt ſinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel, ſtrives to riſe,
Cruſh'd with the weight of both thy hands.

5 There guilty ghoſts, of Adam's race,
Shriek out, and howl, beneath thy rod:
Once they could ſcorn a Saviour's grace,
And ſo incens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my ſoul, and kiſs the Son—
Sinner obey thy Saviour's call;
Elſe your damnation haſtens on
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

XLV *God's Condeſcenſion to our Worſhip.*

THY favors, Lord, ſurpriſe our ſouls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canſt thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

2 Still might he fill his ſtarry throne,
And pleaſe his ears with Gabriel's ſongs;
But th' heav'nly majeſty comes down,
And bows, to hearken to our tongues!

3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

XLVI. *God's condescension to Human affairs.*

Up to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

[2 He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod;
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!

3 God, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]

4 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the King of Kings
Bestows his counsels, and his cares.

5 Our sorrows, and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform:
For worms were never rais'd so high,
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

7 Oh! could our thankful heart devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

XLVII. *Glory and Grace in the perſon of Chriſt.*

NOW to the Lord a noble ſong ;
Awake, my ſoul ; awake my tongue ;
Hoſanna to th' Eternal Name !
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See, where it ſhines in Jeſus' face,
The brighteſt image of his grace ;
God, in the perſon of his Son,
Has all his might'eſt works out-done.

3 The ſpacious earth, and ſpreading flood,
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4 But, in his looks, a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thine hands ;
The pleaſing luſtre of his eyes
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace ! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jeſus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face—
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold !

XLVIII. *Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

HOW vain are all things here below !
How falſe, and yet how fair !
Each pleaſure hath its poiſon too,
And ev'ry ſweet—a ſnare.

2 The brighteſt things below the ſky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome danger nigh,
Where we poſſeſs delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

XLIX. Moses *dying in the Embraces of God.*

DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my All below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath;
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

L. *Comforts under Sorrows and Pains.*

NOW let the Lord, my Saviour, smile,
And shew my name upon his heart;
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleasure, lose the smart.

2 But Oh!! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;

My spirits sink my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet, Why? My soul, why these complaints?
Still, while he frowns his bowels move;
Still on his heart, he bears his saints,
And feels his sorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast;
His book of life contains my name:
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand;
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now let my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun,
Roll gently up and down the hill.

LI. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before thy seat:
To thee we lift a humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

2 Thy pow'r hath form'd thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sov'reign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And, smiling sit at thy right hand:
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command;

4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;

But, who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with Thee?

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is forever one;
Though they are known by diff'rnt names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the name of Christ our King,
With equal honors be ador'd:
His praise let ev'ry angel sing—
And all the nations own the Lord.

LII. *Death, dreadful or delightful.*

DEATH! 'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God.
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes;
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell
Let stubborn sinners fear;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long FOREVER there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face:
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
Who promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right-hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

LIII. *Saints Pilgrimage, or Earth and Heaven.*

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
Which yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of Living joy!

2 But pricking thorns, through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow;
And all the rivers which are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord!, we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desart through
With undiverted feet:
And faith, and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors which we meet.

5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roam:
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.

6 Long nights and darkness dwell below
With scarce a twinkling ray:
But the bright world to which we go,
Is everlasting day.

7 By glim'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to God.

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;

Forget these troubles of the way,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come!
There Jesus, the Forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home!

10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.

11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God delight to hear.

12 Eternal glories to the King
Who brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

LIV. *God's presence is Light, in darkness.*

MY God, the Spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And he—my rising Sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers—*I am his.*

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up, with joy, the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqu'ror, through.

LV. *Frail life and succeeding Eternity.*

THEE, we adore, eternal Name—
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame;
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath which first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To run this dang'rous road;
And, if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

LVI. *Vain Prosperity.*

NO! I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,

Though they increase their golden ſtore,
And riſe to wond'rous height.

2 They taſte of all the joys which grow
Upon this earthly clod!
Well they may ſearch the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own;
But death comes haſt'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes—you muſt bow your ſtately head;
Away your ſpirit flies;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the ſkies.

5 Go now and boaſt of all your ſtores—
And tell how bright they ſhine;
Your heaps of glitt'ring duſt are your's,
And my Redeemer's mine!

LVII. *The pleaſure of a good Conſcience.*

LORD, how ſecure and bleſt are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd ſin!
Should ſtorms of wrath ſhake earth and ſea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides ſweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And ſoft and ſilent as the ſhades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half ſo faſt away:
Their ſouls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as ſummer ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleaſure grow!
And longing hopes, and cheerful ſmiles
Sit, undiſturb'd, upon their brow.

5 They ſcorn to ſeek our golden toys;
But ſpend the day, and ſhare the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
Which heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the duſt below;
Almighty grace, renew our ſouls,
And we'll aſpire to glory too.

LVIII. *Shortneſs of Life, and goodneſs of God.*

TIME! What an empty vapor 'tis!
And days how ſwift they are!
Swift, as an Indian arrow flies
Or like a ſhooting ſtar.

2 The preſent moments juſt appear,
Then ſlide away, in haſte;
That we can never ſay—they're here;
But only ſay—they're paſt.

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy laſting favours ſhare;
Yet, with the bounties of thy grace.
Thou load'ſt the rolling year.

5 'Tis ſov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love:
While grace ſtands pointing out the road,
Which leads our ſouls above.

6 His goodneſs runs an endleſs round—
All glory to the Lord:
His mercy never knows a bound—
And be his name ador'd.

7 Thus we begin the laſting ſong;
And when we cloſe our eyes;

Let ages down thy praise prolong,
'Till time and nature dies.

LIX. *Paradise on Earth.*

GLORY to God, who walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through—
Who tells his saints of joys on high—
And gives a taste below.

2 Glory to God, who stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.

3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desart springs;
And ev'ry sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows!
The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r which blows.

6 Chearful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures which flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne!

7 But, ah! how soon my joys decay—
How soon my sins arise—
And snatch the heav'nly scence away
From these lamenting eyes!

8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here.

9 Up to the fields above the ſkies,
My haſty feet would go—
There everlaſting flow'rs ariſe,
And joys, unwith'ring, grow.

LX. *The Truth of God, the Promiſer.*

PRAISE, everlaſting praiſe, be paid
To Him who earth's foundation laid;
Praiſe to the God, whoſe ſtrong decrees,
Sway the creation as he pleaſe.

2 Praiſe to the goodneſs of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word;
And there, as ſtrong as his decrees,
He ſets his kindeſt promiſes.

[3 Firm are the words his prophets give—
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God
Who ſpake, and ſpread the ſkies abroad.

4 Each of them pow'rful as that ſound
Which bid the new-made heav'ns go round;
And ſtronger than the ſolid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then ſhould doubts and fears ariſe?
Why trick'ling ſorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts which our Maker gives.

6 Oh, for a ſtrong a laſting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith!
T' embrace the meſſage of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7 Then ſhould the earth's old pillars ſhake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our ſteady ſouls ſhall fear no more
Than ſolid rocks, when billows roar.

8 Our everlaſting hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable ſkies;

Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

LXI. *A thought of Death and Glory.*

MY soul, come, meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb;
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.

3 Oh! could we die with those who die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.

4 Then should we see the saints above,
In their own glor'ous forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms!

5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load;
And long for ev'ning, to undress,
That we may rest with God.

6 We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come;
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

LXII. *God, the Thunder: or, the last Judgment and Hell.**

SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore:

* *Made in a great sudden Storm of Thunder, August 20th, 1697.*

Let death and hell, through all their coasts,
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky;
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of light'ning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams—
And, from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along!

4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day,
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad;

5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord:
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.

6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm:
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

LXIII. *A Funeral Thought*

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears, attend the cry—
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs;
"The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
"Must lie as low as our's."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure!

Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more ?

4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

LXIV. *God the Glory and Defence of* Zion.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;
Thine holy courts are his abode :
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength and at thy gates,
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits ;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels, and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage ;
Against his throne, in vain they rage !
Like rising waves with angry roar,
Which dash, and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome or hell ;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

LXV. *The Hopes of Heaven, or Support under Trials on Earth.*

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,

Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my All.

4 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

LXVI. *A proſpect of Heaven makes death eaſy.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2 There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow ſea divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

[3 Sweet fields, beyond the ſwelling flood,
Stand dreſt in living green:
So, to the Jews, old Canaan ſtood,
While Jordan roll'd between.]

4 But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink,
To croſs this narrow ſea,
And linger, ſhiv'ring on the brink,
Through fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe—
And ſee the Canaan, which we love,
With unbeclouded eyes.

6 Could we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſcape o'er;

Not Jordan's ſtreams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the ſhore.

LXVII. *God's Eternal Dominion.*

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages ſtood,
E'er ſeas or ſtars were made!
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immenſe ſurvey,
From the formation of the ſky,
To the great burning-day.

4 Eternity with all its years,
Stands preſent in thy view,
To Thee, there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

5 Our lives through various ſcenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undiſturb'd affairs.

6 Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthleſs worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praiſe to Thee.

LXVIII. *The humble Worſhip of Heaven.*

FATHER, I long, I faint to ſee
The place of thine abode!
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy ſeat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy diſtant face,
And 'tis a pleaſing ſight;

But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight!

3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.

4 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen;
In shining ranks they move;
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder, and with love.

5 Then at thy feet with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall!
With joy they shrink to NOTHING there,
Before th' eternal ALL.

6 There I would vie with all the hosts
In duty and in bliss;
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
*And *vanity* confess.

7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sing, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

LXIX. *The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.*

BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or might'er name
Of our eternal King,

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;

* *Isa.* xl. 17.

His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

[5 He, who can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them, when he please;
But speaks—and that Almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice, which rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said—*Let the wide heav'n be spread*;
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad;
Abra'm—I'll be thy God—he said—
And he was Abra'm's God.

8 Oh, might I hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whisper—thou art mine!
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure?
I'd trust the All-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.]

LXX. *God's Dominion over the Sea*, Ps. cvii.

GOD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command,
Can sink them, silent, in the sand.

2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides, and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And led his chosen armies through.

3 The scaly flocks, amidst the sea,
To Thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish, which swims the flood,
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

[4 The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep:
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

6 How is thy glor'ous pow'r ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men who trace the seas,
Bold men refuse their Maker's praise,

[7 What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to Thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand which smoothes the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves;
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God who rescu'd them.]

9 Oh! for some sign of thy hand!
Shake all the seas; Lord shake the Land:
Great Judge descend! lest men deny
That there's a God who rules the sky.

LXXI. *Praise to God from all Creatures.*

THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former, and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand which shap'd our clay
And wrought this human frame;

But from his own immediate breath
  Our nobler ſpirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
  And worſhip with our tongues:
We claim ſome kindred with the ſkies,
  And join th' angelic ſongs.

4 Let grov'ling beaſts, of ev'ry ſhape,
  And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires and ſeas
  Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honor ſhine;
  And wheels of nature, roll;
Praiſe him in your unweary'd courſe
  Around the ſteady pole.

6 The brightneſs of our Maker's name
  The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
  Beyond the heav'nly hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's day; or, the Reſurrection of Chriſt.*

BLEST morning, whoſe young dawning rays
  Beheld our riſing God;
Which ſaw him triumph o'er the duſt,
  And leave his laſt abode!

2 In the cold priſon of a tomb
  The dead Redeemer lay;
'Till the revolving ſkies had brought
  The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell, and the grave, unite their force
  To hold our God, in vain;
The ſleeping Conqueror aroſe,
  And burſt their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
  Theſe ſacred hours we pay
And loud Hoſannas ſhall proclaim
  The triumph of the day.

5 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victor'ous King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

LXXIII. *Doubts scattered.*

HENCE, from my soul, sad thoughts, be gone
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears;
Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures, all divine—
When Jesus told me—*I was his,*
And my Beloved mine!

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace, in vain;
One glimpse dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

LXXIV. *A Complaint of Ingratitude*

IS this the kind return?
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange, rebellious, wretches we,
And God—as strangely kind!

3 On us, he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men:
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, Sov'reign Grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

LXXV. *The beatific sight of Christ.*

FROM Thee my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds;
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself outbrave
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure, and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wand'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages, I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delights
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;

Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

LXXVI. *Resurrection and Ascension of* Christ.

HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See, how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies!
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach this bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

LXXVII. *The christian Warfare.*

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy;
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell, and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;

Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sang the triumph, when he rose.

[3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps, and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victor'ous grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes, for conqu'rors, wait.

6 Their shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glor'ous Leader's praise.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by Christ.*

WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood.

2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array;
And wrapp'd his God-head in a veil
Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men;
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life, and God, again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honor shall forever be
The bus'ness of our days,
Forever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

LXXIX. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We, wretched sinners, lay;
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glim'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief:
He saw—and (O! amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave, in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls,
From everlasting pains.

[5 In vain the baffled prince of hell,
His cursed projects tries;
We, who were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]

6 Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmon'ous human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

[7 Yes—we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;

Hosanna, round the spacious earth,
To thine adored name!

8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold:
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

LXXX. *God's awful power and Goodness.*

OH! the Almighty Lord!
How matchless is his pow'r!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

2 Let proud imper'ous kings,
Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he will tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows,
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebell'ous foes.

4 Yet, everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love
Defend our Zion well:
And heav'nly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
Who sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

LXXXI. *Our sin the Cause of Christ's death.*

AND now the scales have left mine eyes;
Now I begin to see:

Oh, the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
Which thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore!

3 Was it for crimes which I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain!
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace!
I'll wound my God no more:
Hence, from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine;
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.*

ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God:
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell;
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And, on the Rock of Ages, set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace;

Salvation for a bulwark, ſtands
  To ſhield the ſacred place.

5 Satan may vent his ſharpeſt ſpite,
  And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
  And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Ariſe, my ſoul, awake, my voice,
  And tunes of pleaſure ſing;
Loud hallelujahs ſhall addreſs
  My Saviour, and my King.

LXXXIII. *The paſſion and Exaltation of Chriſt.*

THUS ſaith the Ruler of the ſkies—
  "Awake, my dreadful ſword;
"Awake, my wrath, and ſmite the man,
  "My fellow (ſaith the Lord,")

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
  And, armed, down ſhe flies!
Jeſus ſubmits t' his Father's hand,
  And bows his head, and dies.

3 But, oh! the wiſdom, and the grace
  Which join with vengeance now!
He dies, to ſave our guilty race,
  And yet he riſes too.

4 A perſon, ſo divine, was he,
  Who yielded to be ſlain,
That he could give his ſoul away,
  And take his life again.

5 Live, glor'ous Lord, and reign on high;
  Let ev'ry nation ſing,
And angels ſound, with endleſs joy,
  The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The ſame.*

COME, all harmon'ous tongues,
  Your nobleſt muſic bring;

'Tis Christ, the Everlasting God,
And Christ, the man we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt;
Sing the great drops of sacred blood,
Which hellish monsters spilt.

[3 Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side;
And the rich blood of purple gore,
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

4 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll:
And mountains of Almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear;
The cross and nails no more;
For hell, itself, shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits,
High on his Father's throne;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays;
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes,
To everlasting days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of Pardon.*

WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?

What doubts are these which waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
The stars which fill the skies
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains, rise!

3 What though your mighty guilt, beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundations laid
Low as the depths of hell!

4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace!
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase!

5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

6 Awake our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, which swells above
Our follies, and our thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from sin and misery, in heav'n.*

OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a vi'lent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell
The wonders of his grace;
'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in ev'ry face.

5 For ever, His dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And *Jesus* and *salvation* be
The close of ev'ry song.

LXXXVII. *Divine Glories above our Reason.*

HOW wond'rous great! how glor'ous bright
Must our Creator be!
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the celestial throne:
Fain would we see the blessed THREE,
And the Almighty ONE.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies!

[4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore:
For the weak pin'ons of our minds
Can stretch a thought no more.

5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

[6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great myster'ous King,
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;

A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by Grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around.
While all the armies of the sky,
Conspire to raise the sound.

LXXXIX. Christ's *Victory over* Satan.

HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King!
The prince of darkness flies:
His troops rush head long down to hell,
Like light'ning from the skies.

2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.

3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!
All hail incarnate love!
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame
Through the wide world shall run;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

XC. *Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.*

HOW sad our state, by nature, is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But ther's a voice of sov'reign grace.
Sounds from the sacred word;

Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord

3 My soul obeys th' Almighty calls,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
Oh help my unbelief.

[4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest die.

5 Stretch out thine arm victo'rous King;
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength, and righteousness.
My Jesus and my All!

XCI. *The glory of Christ in Heaven.*

OH, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place.
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majesty, and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glor'ous ranks above
At humble distance bow.

[3 Princes, to his imper'al name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through ev'ry heav'nly street;
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive, at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
Which once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand
And all the saints adore.

6 His head, that dear majestic head,
Which cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circle it around.

7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore!
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

8 Lord! how our souls are all on fire
To see thy blest abode:
Our tongues rejoice, in tunes of praise!
To our incarnate God!

9 And while our faith enjoys the sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery char'ots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

XCII. *The Church saved, and her enemies disappointed; or, deliverance from Treason.*

SHOUT to the Lord and let your joys,
Through all the nations run:
Ye Western skies, resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, Mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee, our glad voices sing:
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise th' eternal king.

3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies,
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,

Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

[5 Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove, in vain,
To 'scape All-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd:
Their treasons all betray'd:
Praise to the Lord, who broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try;
Their souls shall pine with env'ous rage,
And vex away and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r;
Let Zion with united songs,
Almighty grace adore.

XCIII. *God All, and in All*, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

MY God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove;
For thou art All in All.

[2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here;
If thou depart 'tis hell.]

3 The smilings of thy face,
How am'able they are!
'Tis heav'n, to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else, but there.

4 To Thee and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

6 Nor earth nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy.
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the Sea of Love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle where my passions move
And centre of my soul.

8 To Thee my spirits fly
With restless warm desire;
And yet how far from Thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

XCIV. *God my only happiness*, Psal. lxxiii. 25.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All!
I've none but Thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies,
And this infer'or clod!
There's nothing here deserves my joys;
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light:
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And while upon my restless bed
Among the shades I roll;
If my redeemer shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To Thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode;

Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee!
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms, like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

XCV. *Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.*

INFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspire his death.
And use the Roman sword.

2 Oh! the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore!

3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse;
In vain I blame the Roman hands,
And the more spiteful Jews!

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were;
Each of my crimes became a nail;
And unbelief—the spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head;

Break, break my heart—oh, burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed!

6 Strike mighty grace, my flinty soul,
'Till melting waters flow;
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe!

XCVI. *Angels punished, and Man saved.*

DOWN, headlong, from their native skies
The rebel-angels fell;
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebell'ous man was hurld;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.

3 Oh' love of infinite degrees!
Unmeasureable grace!
Must heav'n's eternal darling die,
To save a trait'rous race?

5 Must angels sink forever down,
And burn in quenchless fire;
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches high'r!

5 Oh, for this love let earth and skies,
With hallelujah's ring.
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujah's sing!

—XCVII.—*The same*—

FROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd 'em down
But man, wise man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown!

2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
Which could distinguish rebels so;

Our guilty treafons call'd aloud
For everlafting fetters, too.

3 To Thee, to Thee, almighty Love,
Our fouls, ourfelves, our all we pay:
Millions of tongues fhall found thy praife
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

XCVIII. *Hardnefs of heart Complained of.*

MY heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies!
Heavy and cold within my breaft,
Juft like a rock of ice!

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, fits
Upon this flinty throne:
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep,
Beneath this heart of ftone.

3 How feldom do I rife to God,
Or tafte the joys above!
This mountain preffes down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When fmiling mercy courts my foul
With all its heav'nly charms,
This ftubborn, this relentlefs thing,
Would thruft it from my arms.

5 Againft the thunders of thy word,
Rebell'ous I have ftood;
My heart, it fhakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, fteep this rock of mine,
In thine own crimfon fea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Can melt the flint away.

XCIX. *The Book of God's decrees.*

LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;

Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd,
He governs with a nod.

[2 Ten thousand ages e'er the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis He provides those rays:
And 'tis His hand which hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
In volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
O, may I read my name
Among the chosen of his love,
The foll'wers of the Lamb!

C. *The Presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.*

HOW full of anguish is the thought!
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul depart!

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly, but to thy breast?
For I have sought no other home—
For I have learn'd no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heav'n, without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from Thee;
The shining hours of chearful light,
Are long and tedious years to me.

5 And if no ev'ning visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live—yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow, without my food.

7 Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The strings which twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ, my love.

9 My God! and can a humble child,
Who loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

10 Impossible! for thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.

CI. *The World's Three chief Temptations.*

WHEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honor and gold, and sens'al joy,
How vain and dang'rous too.

2 Honor's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,

And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust:
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]

4 The pleasures which allure our sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice:
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heav'n, for you.

CII. *A happy Resurrection.*

NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But, with a chearful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, sacred day;
Cut short the hours dear Lord, and come;
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!

4 Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face;
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.

[5 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay:
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

CIII. Christ's *Commission*, John iii. 16, 17.

COME happy souls, approach your God,
With new melod'ous songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love
Which pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands dear Jesus, were not arm'd,
With a revenging rod:
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.

4 But all was mercy—all was mild—
And wrath forsook the throne;
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry:
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls,
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

CIV. *The same.*

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose;
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast bought
And love and praise thy name.

CV. *Repentance flowing from the patience of God.*

AND are we wretches yet alive?
And dare we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell!

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries—*forbear*:
And strait the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace?

4 Lord We have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin,

Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conq'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

CVI. *Repentance at the Cross.*

OH, if my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should, like rivers, flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groan'd away a dying life
For *thee*, my soul, for *thee*.

3 Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine,
Which crucify'd my God!
Those sins which pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
Which made my Saviour bleed.

5 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'rers too.

CVII. *The everlasting absence of God intolerable.*

THAT awful day will surely come,
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sov'reign of my heart,

2 ... I bear to hear thy voice
... ce the found—*depart*?

... nder of that dismal word
... so torment my ear,
'Twou... tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.]

[4 What, to be banish'd from my life,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death forever fly!

5 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast:
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

7 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Shew me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

8 Give me one kind, assuring word
To sink my fears again;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her threescore years and ten.]

CVIII. *Access to the throne of grace, by a Mediator.*

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
Which calm'd his frowning face;
Which sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace!

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord!
No fiery cherub guards his feet,
No double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

6 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal king,
Who lays his fury by.

CIX. *The Darkness of Providence.*

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence!
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion, still.

3 Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below;
Still let us lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

CX.——*Triumph over death, in hope of the Resurrection.*

AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay!
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this flesh;
'Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives—
And often, from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glor'ous grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below
And sing his pow'r above,

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs—
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

CXI. *Thanksgiving for victory.*

ZION rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne;
Columbia, own the heav'nly King
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd,
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies, which rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6 Still may the King of grace descend
To rule us by his word;
And all the honors we can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

CXII. *Angels ministering to Christ and Saints.*

GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son!
Angels in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance, and of love,

3 His orders run through all the hosts;
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard these Western coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode;
Through all the dangers which we meet,
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5 Lord when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise and come—
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

CXIII. *The same.*

THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold—
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold!

2 But, mighty God, thy palace shines
With far superior beams!
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds;
Thy ministers are flames!

3 Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies—
Behold—a heav'nly form appears,
T' allay his agonies

5 Now to the hands of Christ our King,
Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

6 Pleasure and praise run through their host,
To see a sinner turn;
Then satan has a captive lost.
And Christ—a subject born.

7 But there's and hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 Oh! Could I say without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found—

Then let the great arch-angel ſhout—
And the laſt trumpet ſound!

CXIV. *Chriſt's Death, Victory, and Dominion.*

I SING my Saviour's wond'rous death—
He conquer'd when he fell!
'Tis finiſh'd—ſaid his dying breath—
And ſhook the gates of hell.

2 *'Tis finiſh'd*—our Immanuel cries—
The dreadful work is done—
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign throne ariſe;
His kingdom is begun.

3 His croſs a ſure foundation laid,
For glory and renown;
When, through the regions of the dead,
He paſs'd to reach the crown.

4 Exalted at his Father's ſide,
Sits our victor'ous Lord;
To heav'n and hell, his hands divide
To vengeance or reward.

5 The ſaints, from his propitious eye,
Await their ſev'ral crowns;
And all the ſons of darkneſs fly
The terror of his frowns.

CXV. *God the Avenger of his Saints.*

HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, GOD:
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful nod.

2 Let princes of exalted ſtate,
To Him aſcribe their crown;
Render their homage at his feet,
And caſt their glories down.

3 Know that his kingdom is ſupreme
Your lofty thoughts are vain;

He calls you *Gods*, that awful name,
But ye must die, like men.

4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Nor dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance, like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meanest saint whom you despise,
Has an Avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and Thanks.*

HOW can I sink with such a prop,
As my Eternal God;
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?

2 How can I die, while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
What e'er my duty bids me give,
My chearful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

CXVII. *Living and Dying with God present.*

I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord—
My life expires, if thou depart;
Be thou my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, still near my heart,

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;

Yet I will ſtay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n, a while.

3 Then, deareſt Lord, in thine embrace
Let me reſign my fleeting breath;
And, with a ſmile upon my face,
Paſs the important hour of death.

CXVIII. *The Prieſthood of Chriſt.*

BLOOD has a voice to pierce the ſkies,
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries:
But the dear ſtream, when Chriſt was ſlain,
Spoke peace as loud, from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold! he lays his vengeance by!
And rebels, who deſerv'd his ſword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jeſus let our praiſes riſe,
Who gave his life a ſacrifice;
Now he appears before his God,
And for our pardon, pleads his blood.

CXIX. *The Holy Scriptures.*

LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpſe of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief aſſuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almoſt in ev'ry page.

3 This is the field, where hidden, lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is Divinely Wiſe,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here conſecrated water flows,
To quench my thirſt of ſin;

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows ;
No danger dwells therein.

5 This is the Judge, who ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail !
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
Which leads to thy right hand.

CXX. *The Law and Gospel joined in Scripture.*

THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe ;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveal'd his face ;
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands ;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

4 Hence we awake our fear.
We draw our comfort hence ;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here !
Our armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood ;
All arts and knowledges beside,
Will do us little good.

6 We read the heav'nly word ;
We taste the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and light'ning guard the page:
Where beams of mercy shine.

CXXI. *The Law and Gospel distinguished.*

THE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man who fails but once;
But, in the gospel, Christ appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comforts from the law!
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man who trusts the promise, lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and Meditation.*

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and Thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth!
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go.

3 Call me away from flesh and sense:
One sov'reign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

CXXIII. *The Benefit of Public Ordinances.*

AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 While here, our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

4 If satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some chearing word;
We gird the gospel-armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the righteous Sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side:
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

CXXIV. *Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.*

'TIS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n,

2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron, the priest, resigns his breath,
At God's immediate will;
And, in the desart, yields to death,
Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder side,
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bow'd his head, and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5 Isr'el rejoice, now * Josh'a leads;
He'll bring your tribes to rest:
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

CXXV. *Faith and Repentance, Unbelief, and Impenitence.*

LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
To souls who mourn the sins they've done;
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch who never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead;
Under the wrath of God he lies:
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengance dies.

CXXVI. *God glorified in the Gospel.*

THE Lord descending from above,
Invites his children near;

* *The same with Jesus and signifies a Saviour*

While pow'r and truth, and boundless love
Displays their glories here.

2 Here in the gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we may view:
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond what'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines;
Thy wonders here we trace:
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
It shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs;
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

CXXVII. *Circumcision and Baptism.*

(Written only for those who practice the Baptism of Infants.)

THUS did the sons of Abra'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry saint with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;

Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

CXXVIII. *Corrupt Nature from Adam.*

BLEST with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood!
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sens'al race,
To sinful joys inclin'd:
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, or sense, or passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good,
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget our load.

4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame;
Our broken pow'rs restore!
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more!

5 Eternal Spirit! write the law
Upon our inward parts;
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

CXXIX. *We walk by Faith, not by Sight.*

'TIS By the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night,
'Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies—
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Chearful we tread the desart through,
While faith collects the heav'nly ray;

Though lions roar, and and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house, to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal, along the road.

CXXX. *The New Creation.*

ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew;
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,
"Creating all things new.

"2 Nature and sin are pass'd away,
"And the old Adam dies;
"My hands a new foundation lay—
"See the new world arise.

"3 I'll be a Sun of Righteousness
"To the new heav'ns I make;
"None but the new-born heirs of grace
"My glory shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
Oh, make my soul alive to Thee,
Create new pow'rs within:

5 Renew mine eyes and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh.
Give me new passions joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead—
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world, which grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

CXXXI. *Excellency of the Christian Religion.*

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;

Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan?
There shall be no religion found,
So just to God, so safe for man.

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
'Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how strong they be!
How firm our hope or comfort stands!

5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joy so well refin'd.

6 Should all the forms which men devise,
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

CXXXII. *The Offices of Christ.*

WE bless the prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace
Jesus, thy spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High-Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By His Almighty Hands.

4 Hosanna to his glor'ous name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

CXXXIII. *The Operations of the Holy Spirit.*

ETERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn the day:
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory work within.
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

CXXXIV. *Circumcision Abolished.*

THE promise was divinely free;
Extensive was the grace;
"I will the God of Abra'm be
"And of his num'rous race."

2 He said—and, with a bloody seal,
Confirm'd the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.

3 'Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abra'm claims our praise;
His promises endure;
And Christ, the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

CXXXV. *Types and Prophesies of* Christ.

BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room!

2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great Fulfiller of his Law.

3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the alter, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
And join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet;
And nations own the promis'd seed.

CXXXVI. *Miricles at the Birth of Christ.*

THE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth;
Behold, the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth.

2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories met!
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.

3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name,

4 Though Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn;
Our souls adore the eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

CXXXVII. *Miracles in the Life Death and Resurrection of Christ.*

BEHOLD the blind their sight receive!
Behold the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name!

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own,
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heav'ns in mourning stood!
He rises—and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4 Hence, and forever, from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

CXXXVIII. *The power of the Gospel.*

THIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations, from above;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his Almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind:
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 This gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live:
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh;
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

4 Where satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts, of savage name,
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze and admire, and hate the change.

6 May but this grace my soul renew;
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word which saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

CXXXIX *The Example of Christ.*

MY dear redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal—
Such def'rence to thy Father's will—
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r;
The desart thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own thy name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

CXL. *Examples of Christ, and the Saints.*

GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The Saints above—how great their joy—
How bright their glories be!

2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch, with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb;
Their triumph, to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps which he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast)
And, foll'wing their incarnate God,
Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heav'n.

CXLI. *Faith assisted by Sense*

MY Savior God, my Sov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies!
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name;
They read and hear his word:
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace;
While, at his feast of bread and wine,
He gives his saints a place:

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean?
As by his spirit, and his blood,
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,

As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
To give his word a seal:
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

CXLII. *Faith in Christ our sacrifice.*

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see,
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with chearful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

CXLIII. *Flesh and Spirit.*

WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin,
Attend our mortal state!
I hate the thoughts which work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and satan reign:

Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,
'Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight,
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex and break my peace!
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin forever cease.

CXLIV. *The effusion of the Spirit.*

GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat, like tongues of cloven flame:

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to give, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd he sent the champ'ons forth,
From east to west, from South to north;
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
"Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms, subdu'd;
While satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace my heart subdue—
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

CXLV *Sight through a Glass, and Face to Face.*

I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

2 Oh, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight!
I should behold my Lord at home
In a Diviner light.

3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
These interposing days;
Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

CXLVI. *The vanity of Creatures.*

MAN has a soul of vast desires;
He burns within, with restless fires!
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain, on earth, we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures—but we feel
The inward thirst, and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns;
We shift from side to side, by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.

4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust;
Cure this vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The Creation of the World*, Gen. i.

"NOW let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator Lord;
At once th' obed'ent earth and skies
Rose, at his sov'reign word.

2 Dark was the deep: the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land:
He call'd the light—the new born-day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below
Was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)
The naked globe he crown'd,
E'er there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears
The moon and stars, in order rise
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' Almighty King
Did vital beings frame;
The painted fowls, of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.

8 He gave the lion and the worm,
At once, their wond'rous birth:
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was fram'd, of equal clay,
Though sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they;
With God's own image blest.

10 Thus, glor'ous in the Maker's eye;
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

CXLVIII. *God reconciled in Christ.*

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God!
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The spirit dwells with men.

3 'Till God in human flesh, I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred *Three*
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast;
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

CXLIX. *Honour to Magistrates.*

ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obed'ence owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates, of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 The rulers of those States shall shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice, and the sword.

5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But Consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's, alone.

CL. *The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts,
To practice on the mind!
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And, while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food:
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

CLI. *Prophecy and Inspiration.*

'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;

The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read His name who dy'd for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure—
This is thy word and must endure.

CLII. *Sinai and Zion,* Heb. xii. ver. 18, &c.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke.

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloath'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints, on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;

The man who dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

CLIII. *Distemper folly and madness of Sin.*

SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm, is, Sov'reign grace,
And the physian, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ the Lord, recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness, by nature, reigns within:
The passions burn and rage:
'Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

[4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise:
Such is the folly of the mind,
'Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel;
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush, with fury down to hell;
But heav'n prevents the fall.

6 The man possess'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh, and cries,
He foams and raves, 'till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.

CLIV. *Self-Righteousness insufficient.*

WHERE are the mourners, saith the Lord,
"Who wait and tremble at my word;
"Who walk in darkness all the day?
"Come, make my name your trust and stay.

[2. "No works, nor duties, of your own,
"Can for the smallest sin atone;

"The robes which nature may provide,
"Will not your leaſt pollution hide.

3 "The ſofteſt couch which nature knows,
"Can give the conſcience no repoſe:
"Look to my righteouſneſs, and live;
"Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 "Ye ſons of pride, who kindle coals
"With your own hands, to warm your ſouls,
"Walk in the light of your own fire,
"Enjoy the ſparks which ye deſire.

5 "This is your portion at my hands;
"Hell waits you with her iron bands;
"Ye ſhall lie down in ſorrow there,
"In death, in darkneſs, and deſpair."

CLV. *Chriſt our Paſſover.*

LO, the deſtroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's ſtubborn land!
The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies,
By his vindictive hand.

2 He paſs'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
He ſaw the blood on ev'ry door,
And bleſs'd the peaceful ſign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb muſt bleed,
To break th' Egyptian yoke;
Thus Iſr'el is from bondage freed,
And 'ſcapes the angel's ſtroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were ſprinkled too,
With blood ſo rich as thine
Juſtice no longer would purſue
This guilty ſoul of mine.

5 Jeſus, our Paſſover, was ſlain,
And has at once procur'd

Freedom from satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

CLVI. *Presumption and despair.*

I HATE the tempter and his charms;
I hate his flatt'ring breath;
The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills, with slavish fear;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.

3 Now he persuades, how easy 'tis
To walk the road to heav'n:
Anon, he swells our sins, and cries
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 He bids young sinners *yet* forbear
To think of God, or death;
"For prayer and devotion are
But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged they *Must* die,
"And 'tis too late to pray;
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,
By mischief and deceit;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r;
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

—CLVII.—*The same.*—

NOW satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;

He worries whom he can't devour,
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage;
Resist, and he'll be one;
Thus did our dearest Lord egage,
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love;
But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.

4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

CLVIII. *Few saved; or, the almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.*

BROAD is the road which leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shews a narr'wer path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command!
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul, who tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
This hypocrites did ne'er attain,
And false Apostates never knew.

CLIX. *Unconverted state; or, Converting grace.*

GREAT King of glory and of grace!
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first Father's name!

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood;
The poison reigns within;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

[3 Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace;
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]

4 We live estrang'd afar from God,
And love the distance well!
With haste we run the dang'rous road,
Which leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restor'd?
Such natures made divine?
Let sinners see thy glory Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.

6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

CLX. *Custom in Sin.*

LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots which nature gives;
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopean slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least controul;
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the soul.

4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,
Which soon can change this heart of mine;
I would be form'd anew, and bless
The wonders of creating grace.

CLXI. *Christian Virtues.*

STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
Which leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few who find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved *self* must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of Gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

CLXII. *Meditation of Heaven.*

MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil;

There ſprings of endleſs pleaſure riſe,
Whoſe waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with ſweet delight,
The bleſſed *Three in One*;
And ſtrong affections fix my ſight
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promiſe ſtands forever firm;
His grace ſhall ne'er depart:
He binds my name upon his arm,
And ſeals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains which nature brings;
How ſhort our ſorrows are,
When, with eternal future things,
The preſent we compare!

5 I would not be a ſtranger ſtill,
To that celeſt'al place,
Where I forever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

CLXIII. *Complaint of deſertion, and temptations.*

DEAR Lord, behold our ſore diſtreſs;
Our ſins attempt to reign;
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let thy foes be ſlain.

2 The Lion, with his dreadful roar,
Affrights thy feeble ſheep:
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.

3 Muſt we indulge a long deſpair?
Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear?
Nor tears affect thine eye?

4 If thou deſpiſe a mortal's groan,
Yet, hear a Saviour's blood;
An advocate, ſo near the throne,
Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He bought the Spirit's pow'rful ſword,
To ſlay our deadly foes?
Our ſins ſhall die beneath thy word,
And hell, in vain, oppoſe.

6 How boundleſs is our Father's grace,
In heighth, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteouſneſs,
His Spirit is our ſtrength.

CLXIV. *The end of the World.*

WHY ſhould this earth delight us ſo?
Why ſhould we fix our eyes
On theſe low grounds, where ſorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleaſure dies?

2 While time his ſharpeſt teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the ſtars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature ſhall be diſſolv'd and die—
The ſun muſt end his race:
The earth and ſea forever fly,
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning riſe?
When the laſt trumpet ſound?
And call the nations to the ſkies,
From underneath the ground?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulneſs, ignorance, and unſanctified affections.*

LONG have I ſat beneath the ſound
Of thy Salvation, Lord:
But ſtill how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear, almoſt in vain:
How ſmall a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

[3 My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne!

4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!]

5 Great God! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
Which leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows, without decay,
And love shall never die.

CLXVI. *The Divine Perfections.*

HOW shall I praise th' eternal God;
That infinite unknown?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

[2 The great Invisible! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, which never sleep,
Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4 Speak we of strength? His arm is strong,
To save, or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;

Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.

6 Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.

7 Justice, upon a dreadful throne,
Maintains the rights of God;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word:
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

CLXVII. *The Divine perfections.*

GREAT God, thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips, in songs of honor, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.

3 His sov'reign pow'r, what mortal knows?
If he command, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill?
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high, beyond our line.

5 His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride—and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.

6 The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocricy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell, uncover'd to his eye.

7 Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.

8 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our loads of guilt away,
While his own Son came down, and dy'd
T' engage his justice on our side.

9 Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith:
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

10 Oh, tell me with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God—and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name.

CLXVIII. *The same.*

JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high—
His robes are Light and Majesty
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe!
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles satan's deep designs;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glor'ous Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?

Then let my ſongs with angels join—
Heav'n is ſecure, if God be mine.

CLXIX. *The ſame.*

THE Lord Jehovah reigns!
His throne is built on high;
The garments he aſſumes,
Are light and majeſty:
His glories ſhine,
With beams ſo bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the ſight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy law:
And where his love
Reſolves to bleſs,
His truth confirms
And ſeals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surpriſing wiſdom ſhines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd deſigns:
Strong is his arm,
And ſhall fulfil
His great decrees,
His ſov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory, condeſcend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my friend?
I love his name;
I love his word:
Join all my pow'rs
And praiſe the Lord.

CLXX. *God incomprehensible and Sovereign.*

CAN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought,
Measure and search his nature out?

2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise;
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.

4 God is a King of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne:
If he resolve who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

5 He wounds the heart and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim, at noon:
The pillars of heav'ns starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form:
The crooked serpent and the worm:
He breaks the billow with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

8 These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

Prepared for the holy Ordinance of the

LORD's SUPPER.

I. *The* Lord's Supper *instituted*, 1 Cor. xi 23.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and bless'd and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!

3 This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food:
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn;
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn:
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.

6 "Do this (he cry'd) till time shall end,
"In mem'ry of your dying Friend;
"Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed Lord."

7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate;
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

II. *Communion with Christ and with Saints.*
1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

JESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favor! matchless grace,
Of our descending God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintain our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.

4 Our heav'nly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body, with its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.

Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raise:
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

III. *The* New Covenant, *sealed.*

THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand forever good;
He said—and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace, with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement with my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light and strength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory, shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.

5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

IV. Christ's *dying love.*

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.

3 When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murm'ring word,

3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood;
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

6 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.

7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch who never feels
One soft affection move.

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

V. Christ *the Bread of Life*. John vi. 31, 35, 39.

LET us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis He our souls has fed;
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal Bread.

2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above;
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews the fathers dy'd at last,
Who ate that heav'nly bread;

But these provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.

4 Bless'd be the Lord who gives his flesh,
To nourish dying men,
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ, our life shall come;
His unresisted pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

VI. *The Memorial of our absent Lord.* John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 Whilst he is absent from our sight
'Tis to prepare our souls a place;

That we may live in heav'nly light,
And dwell forever near his face.

6 Our eyes look upward to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

VII. *Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ, Gal. vi. 14.*

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Death of Christ, my God:
All the vain things which charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

VIII. *The Tree of Life.*

COME, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord—
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once upon this lower grou.
Weary and faint ye stood,

What dear refreshment here ye found
From this immortal food!

3 The tree of life, which near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace bends gently down
Its ever-ſmiling boughs.

4 Hov'ring among the leaves there ſtands,
The ſweet celeſtial Dove,
And Jeſus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.

5 'Tis a young heav'n of ſtrange delight
While in his ſhade we ſit:
His fruit is pleaſing to the ſight,
And to the taſte as ſweet.

6 New life it ſpreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigor and joy the juice imparts,
Without a ſting behind.

7 Now let the flaming weapon ſtand,
And guard all Eden's trees:
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
Which bears ſuch fruit as theſe.

8 Infinite grace our ſouls adore
Whoſe wond'rous hand has made
This living branch of ſov'reign pow'r
To raiſe and heal the dead.

IX. *The Spirit, the Water and the Blood.*
1 John, v. 6.

LET all our tongues be one,
To praiſe our God on high,
Who from his boſom ſent his Son,
To fetch us, ſtrangers nigh.

Nor let our voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's name;

Jesus, th' Embassador of peace,
How chearfully he came!

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God:
Great was our debt and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purifi'd
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But He, our Priest, atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.

6 Look up my soul to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood:
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Then I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

[10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart:
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

X. Christ *Crucified; the Wisdom and Pow'r of God.*

NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labor of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God:

2 But in the grace which rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

[3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can gu. ss, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

5 Oh! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

6 I would forever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our Senses.*

LORD, how divine thy comforts are!
How heav'nly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!

2 Here the rich bounties of our God,
And sweetest glories shine;
Here Jesus says, that I am his;
And my beloved's mine.

3 Here (says the kind Redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded side)
" See here the spring of all your joys,
" Which open'd, when I dy'd!"

4 He smiles, and chears my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain:
" All this, says he I bore for thee,"
And then he smiles again.

5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King,
For grace so vast as this!
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favors are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.

7 To Him who wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise;
Salvation honor, glory, pow'r,
Eternal, as his days.

XII. *The Gospel Feast*, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erspreads the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2 Thine ancient family the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame;
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But, at the gospel-call, we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the high way which leads to hell
From paths of darkness and despair,

Lord, we are come with thee, to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay th' Eternal Son,
Who left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us, wand'rers, back to God!

6 It cost him death, to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies, unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him who ransom'd sinners, lost;
And pity'd rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.

XIII. *Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests*, Luke, xiv. 17, 22, 23.

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest!

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
"And enter, while there's room;
"When thousands make a wretched choice,
"And rather starve than come?"

5 'Twas the same love which spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in;

Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

[6 Pity the nations, O, our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victor'ous word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see the churches full,
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, one heart, one soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

XIV. *The Song of Simeon*; Luke ii. 28; *or, a Sight of Christ makes Death easy.*

NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God;
We would forget all earthly charms,
And wish to die, as Simeon would
With his young Saviour in his arms.

2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his;
" Our souls still waiting to be gone,
" And at thy word depart in peace.

3 " Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
" And view'd salvation with our eyes,
" Tasted and felt the living word,
" The bread descending from the skies.

4 " Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
" Hast set his blood before our face;
" To teach the terrors of thy name,
" And shew the wonders of thy grace.

5 " He is our light, our morning-star,
" Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
" The glory of thine Isr'el here,
" And joy of spirits near the throne."

XV. *Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.*

THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue;

How rich he spreads his royal board,
And bless'd the food, and sung.

2 Happy the men who eat this bread,
But doubly bless'd was he
Who gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd, O Lord, on Thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the skies;
Hither the King descends!
"Come, my beloved, eat, (he cries)
"And drink salvation, friends.

5 "My flesh is food and physic too,
"A balm for all your pains:
"And the red streams of pardon flow
"From these my pierced veins."

6 Hosanna to his bount'ous love,
For such a feast below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

7 Come the dear day the glorious hour,
Which brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

XVI. *The Agonies of Christ.*

NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love;

Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew:
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear;
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.

6 Grace, wisdom justice join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise:
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

XVII. *The Flesh and Blood of* Christ.

WE sing th' amazing deeds
Which grace divine performs
Th' Eternal God comes down and bleeds,
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood;
We thank that sacred flesh of thine
For this immortal food.

3 The banquet which we eat,
Is made of heav'nly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought,
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' Almighty Lord
Bestows this matchless grace;
And meets us with some chearing word,
With pleasure in his face.

7 Come, all ye drooping saints;
And banquet with the King!
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ;
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the highest.

XVIII. *The same.*

JESUS! we bow before thy feet!
Thy table is divinely stor'd!
Thy sacred flesh our souls have ate,
'Tis living bread—we thank thee, Lord!

2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord! 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetness found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food;
In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Carnal provisions can at best,
But chear the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial which we taste,
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Praise to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls forever bless;
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

XIX. *Glory in the Cross.*

AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast:
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thy own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one who dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause:
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He who was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting 'till he come.

XX. *The Provisions for the Table of our Lord.*

LORD, we adore thy bount'ous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand,
For ev'ry willing guest.

[2 The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit;
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

The cup stands crown'd with living juice
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming, for our use,
In rivulets of love.]

4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art;
The pleasures well refin'd;

They spread new life through ev'ry heart,
And chear the drooping mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints, who taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above;
In loud hosannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God,
Who gives such joy as this!
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

XXI. *The Triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory over Sin, Death, and Hell.*

COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise;
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

2 Jesus, the God, who fought and bled,
And conquer'd, when he fell,
Who rose and at his char'ot wheels,
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.

3 Jesus, the God, invites us here,
To this triumphal feast:
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.

4 The Lord! how glor'ous is his face,
How kind his smiles appear!
And, Oh! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear.

5 "For you the children of my love,
"It was for you I dy'd;
"Behold my hands, behold my feet,
"And look into my side.

6 "These are the wounds for you I bore,
"The tokens of my pains,
"When I come down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.

7 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
"And plung'd it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting smart.

8 "When hell, and all its spiteful pow'rs,
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To rescue those dear lives of your's,
"I gave my own away.

9 "But while I bled, and groan'd and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
"The monster tumbling down.

10 "Now you must triumph at my feast,
"And taste my flesh, my blood,
"And live eternal ages bless'd,
"For 'tis immortal food."

11 Victor'ous God! what can we pay
For favors so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be forever thine.

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues—
But themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest songs.

XXII. *The Compassion of a dying* Christ.

OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
Oh, that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found?
The prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground.
To ransom guilty worms from death!

3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws
He from the threatnings sets us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.

4 The law proclaims no terror now—
And Sinai's thunder roars no more:
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy, without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood;
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

XXIII. *Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.*

SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss!
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and Strength from Christ.*

FATHER we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glory shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the Heav'nly bread;
We drink the sacred cup;

With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5 Let us indulge a chearful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the mem'ry of his name,
More than the wine we taste.

XXV. *Divine Glories and Graces.*

HOW are thy glories here display'd!
Great God how bright they shine!
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend, with ev'ry grace
On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with chearful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heav'n directs her sight;
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And strongest pow'rs unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to ſight;
Let ſin forever die:
Then ſhall our ſouls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

I CANNOT perſuade myſelf to put a full period to theſe Divine Hymns, until I have addreſſed a ſpecial ſong of Glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Tho' the latin name of it, Gloria Patri, *be retained in our nation from the Roman Church; and though there may be ſome exceſſes of ſuperſtitious honor paid to the words of it, which may have wrought ſome unhappy prejudices in weaker Chriſtians, yet I believe it ſtill to be one of the nobleſt parts of Chriſtian worſhip. The ſubject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jeſus Chriſt has ſo clearly revealed unto men and is ſo neceſſary to true Chriſtianity. The action is praiſe, which is one of the moſt complete and exalted parts of heavenly worſhip. I have caſt the ſong into a variety of forms, and have fitted it by a plain verſion, or a large paraphraſe, to be ſung either alone, or at the concluſion of another Hymn. I have added alſo a few Hoſannas, or aſcriptions of ſalvation to Chriſt, in the ſame manner, and for the ſame end.*

A Song of praiſe to the Ever-bleſſed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

XXVI. 1ſt Long Metre.

BLESS'D be the Father, and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe
Rivers of endleſs joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God;
From whoſe dear wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

3 We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Make living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

XXVII. 1st Common Metre

GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race.
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim,
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay:
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God who reigns above,
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

XXVIII. 1st Short Metre.

LET God the Father live
Forever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

2 Ye saints employ your breath
In honor to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit praise,
Of an immortal strain,

Whose light, and pow'r and grace conveys,
Salvation down to men.

4 While God, the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.

5 To the great One and Three,
Who seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal glory giv'n.

XXIX. 2d *Long Metre.*

GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in Person Three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd,
The honors of thy name to raise;
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

XXX. 2d *Common Metre.*

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death:
Who saves by his REDEEMING WORD,
And new creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit—all divine—
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints, and angels join

XXXI. 2d *Short Metre.*

LET God the Maker's name
Have honor, love and fear,
To God the Saviour, pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

XXXII. *3d Long Metre.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in one,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

XXXIII. *Or thus:—*

ALL glory to thy wond'rous name,
Father of mercy, God of love:
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

XXXIV. *3d Common Metre.*

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

XXXV. *Or thus:—*

HONOR to Thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All Glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

XXXVI. *3d Short Metre.*

YE angels, round the throne,
And Saints, who dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

XXXVII. *Or thus:—*

GIVE to the Father praise;
Give glory to the Son:
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done.

XXXVIII. *Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.*

I GIVE Immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins,
Which man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done;
The undivided Three,
And the myster'ous One:
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

XXXIX.

TO Him who chose us first,
Before the world began,
To him who bore the curse
To save rebell'ous man;
To him who forms
Our hearts anew,
Are endless praise
And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues:
Our lips adress
The Spirit's name

With equal praise,
And zeal the same.

3 Let ev'ry saint above,
And angels round the throne,
For ever bless and love,
The sacred Three in One.
Thus Heav'n shall raise
His honors high
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

—XL.—

TO God the Fathers throne
Perpet'al honors pay:
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
And while our lips
Their tribute bring,
Our faith adores
The name we sing.

—XLI.—

TO our eternal God,
The Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in one:
Salvation, pow'r,
And praise be giv'n,
By all on earth,
And all in heav'n.

XLII. *Long Metre.*

The HOSANNA, or *Salvation ascribed to Christ.*

HOSANNA, to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

XLIII. *Common Metre.*

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion behold thy King:
Proclaim the son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word
That from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

XLIV. *Short Metre.*

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God,
Who brought the news of pardom down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Christ th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

—XLV—

HOSANNA to the King,
Of David's ancient blood:
Behold he comes to bring,
Forgiving grace from God;
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honors lay.

2 Glory to God on high;
Salvation to the Lamb:
Let earth and sea, and sky,
His wond'rous love proclaim;
Upon his head
Shall honors rest
And ev'ry age
Pronounce him bless'd.

THE END.

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